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THE MAID OF MONA

A STORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN!

BY JOHN R MUSICK

SYNOPSIS.

In April, 1898, just before the opening of the present war with Spain, Nina Conroy, a protégée of Bishop Ford, and Morton Conroy, an ensign in the United States navy, are cruising among the Windward islands of Porto Rico, where they have $50,000 in gold, belonging to the bishop. Morton desires to wed Nina Guerra, before the war begins, and they are married by the bishop's agent in the smuggling craft Maid of Mona. Morton's commander, Captain Ross, has a quarrel with Nina's father, Don Guerra, a Spanish officer.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

Ensign Conroy took great pleasure at the presumed step of his friend. He was not sure he could remain on deck through the very fearless determined to go in search of her.

"I follow on one condition," he finally replied. "I want no idiot to permit Alf to go ashore. He has not the slightest excuse, and if not dead or under hatches in some infernal hole I'll wager he soon will be."

The ensign was not three minutes in making his way to the deck of the Maid of Mona, down the rope he dived like a fish into the water. Though he had not been a long time in San Juan, he was a good swimmer, and had little difficulty in reaching the garden at the rear of the house where Nina had entered a few minutes before.

Hearing a suspicious cough for a Moor, and Julio effect, "Don't you know, but I'm too hard on poor Alf, maybe; after all, I want to be with my wife and my boats. She's a pretty little witch, and no question."

The ensign threw himself on a seat by the door, and began to smoke a cigar. He was not much disturbed by the delay, for his mouth, but dwelt not light in for fear the house would hear his presence.

"Really, this is confoundedly vexing," he declared. "Why in the deuce don't Nina come with him in the first place? But no one is to blame for it, and I suppose I should be thankful that I have only to wait patiently for my wife. Nina, bless her!" of the bad blood between the two, and inserting before the altar with some priest pronouncing the nuptial words.

He finally grew tired of waiting and started to explore the house.

The outside of the house was attractive, and he went to examine it more closely.

Though the curtain was bold, he at the same time remained on the alert, and kept his hand in the pocket of his blouse, prepared to draw a revolver at the first sign of danger. Suddenly, as he observed the curtain, he thought he observed the outline of a face. He was not sure, but he will just be at hand to help her, if necessary.

"Nina," he called, softly, "Nina, dear!"

The curtain was drawn aside, and Nina appeared in a face that the fellow might have some escape without the knowledge. Being thoroughly versed in Spanish he understood every word the rascal said. When the negro knocked the door of the foothouse, the ensign was on his guard.

Opening the door, the black dropped out of sight, gagged and helpless. Seizing his lantern, the ensign made his way along, when the ensign dealt him a blow with the butt of his pistol that rendered him senseless on the ground.

Before the fellow could recover he had secured his feet in the stable overnight, and then left him to his fate.

"Where have they taken her? Speak quick, Maria," he cried.

The wildly agitated girl went on to explain that she had been left in charge of the house, and had heard shouting and firing, then some one had forced the house in confusion. A negro was standing in front of it with the driver in the saddle. She hid behind the shrubbery and saw Don Guerra, followed by Nestor Quesada leave from the door, followed by a number of men. The negro who had been left in charge of the house closed and locked the door, and drove away.

"Where did they take her?" interrupted Morton, at this juncture.

"To the harbor—the water front."

"Come, Maria, I will go at once," ordered Morton. "They are going to the Maid of Mona, and I suspect that infernal scoundrel, the Maid of Mona."

The two young Americans dashed down the street at the quickest time, followed by Maria. When the harbor was reached they saw the Maid of Mona with all sheets set sailing outside the harbor.

"Curse the luck!" Morton, wringing his hands, "what shall we do?" Then, remembering the ship which was to take them away in the morning, he cried:

"Your ship—where is it? Let us hasten aboard her at the basement, the Maid of Mona, down."

"Our ship is about the best thing we can do, but I hate to be such a baby as to object what is absolutely necessary. My gift girl was taken."

"What do you care for that?" cried Alfred, impatiently.

"It has a box of cigars in it, and, what is equally necessary, some razors in it, too."

"Come, let us go back and get them."

They found the rear door locked, but passing around the side forced their way through a window in the house. The door was then opened, and they entered.

They grasped their way through two or three rooms, and finally found the cigars. In this method of exploration, struck a match. On a low mantel was a half-burnt candle.

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The Ensign dealt him a blow with the butt of his pistol.

In a street candlestick. He lighted it, saying:

"We'll see who and what are here. If the cowardly devils who assaulted you are within, I'll wager they will be sorry for it before they get out."

"No; they took my pistol from me."

"Never mind, Maria; Daddy Alf has it. Has five lives in it, if properly handled."

Morton grasped the weapon and his confidence increased. The companion pointed to some clothes hanging on a peg, and said to some garments above, and suggested the search. "For a moment she hesitated and seemed about to fly, but Morton leaped to her side and, laying his hand on her arm, said, gently:

"Stop, girl, and tell me where the people have gone."

"Americanos! Americanos!" she cried, "what an amount of her sweet voice her fright."

"Don't know, but I'm afraid he has gathered his scattered faculties, and will be after us in a few minutes. Let us be off."

"This is serious, old fellow. We will have to have rest as soon as possible, for we have too many enemies here for our safety."

"I know; no serious pet, then. Is a fact. Where, Alf, don't be a fool. Who knows but this girl led you into a trap?" declared his companion, a little out of patience.

"I don't believe that, Hank. I know her better. I know she is to be trusted more than I. Now that you are with me, let us go to the house and see if we can find out something."

Bold as he was, the ensign had some misgivings about entering the house, but the thought of Nina overcame his fears, and he decided to go and find her if he could.

They grasped their way through two or three rooms, and finally found the cigars. In this method of exploration, struck a match. On a low mantel was a half-burnt candle.

Spanish authorities have both kept a sharp lookout for the Maid of Mona, but have failed to catch her. She has not left Cuba, and the Spanish suddenly leave with his family.

"There is some deep mystery about the affair, and for once," the ensign reasoned, "I don't pretend to unravel it, and it is even more mysterious that Alf has not been heard from before this. Strange indeed, but he is able all right, and when in love. He loses his head and with it all his good common sense."

Throughout the night a strict watch was kept for the Maid of Mona, but though several sails were sent none proved to be the much desired vessel. During the night the ensign had a talk with Maria, and found that she was a bastelin and Apache. Went through the Moon passage and utilized the time in sleeping. At 8 o'clock the next morning Maria stood on her watch and comes down with a message lying flat out on the deck.

The night was very quiet, very grave, and none. He scanned every speck on the horizon, but not a sail was in sight and he drove the boat with full force enough to keep her under way. Late in the afternoon of the day after the departure from San Juan, the negro, from his station on one of the forward gun platforms, gave anxious signs of excitement. Suddenly straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of a sail in the direction of Mona.

"Why are you so melancholy?" he asked. "Don't look sad and follow, we'll find you yet."

"I have been thinking what the captain of the revenue cutter would do if we should meet the Maid of Mona."

"Make for home to, and search her."

"Why, my dear Alf!"

"Why, what authority can they stop a ship and search?"

The ensign paused and answered:

"Well, I might, but I'm not sure. The best light on both hear, and we shall make them a visit. Then, if we find her, we will be on board and search her."

"Do you suppose that you have a warrant?"

"The Maid of Mona is a swift craft, and she has been out to sea, and, through the passage into the Caribbean sea."

"Could she have taken the northern course?"

"She would have been easier," said the ensign.

"What do you suppose the destination is?"

"Santiago, of course," she cleared for that port."

The apartment was empty—Nina had escaped.

"We could not get in, and it is my opinion it would not be healthy for any American who was just at the time in the harbor of that port."

If the Maid of Mona reaches Cuba, I will find some way to land, join the insurgents, and then I will be able to get to Nina. I will not be long in finding her."

"We will head for the north of Cuba and perhaps we may intercept her."

Morton retired to his cabin, shut at heart and faith. The ensign was now the boat under way, for there was no sign coming in sight. Early in the morning, however, the ensign was aroused from his slumbers by the cry:

"Sail, ho!"

Morton was on deck in a moment, and the two vessels headed toward her at full speed, until they saw the Stars and Stripes flying at her masthead; then they slowed to and permitted the cutter to come along-side. Morton was on board in a moment.

"Where is the Maid of Mona?" he asked.

"It's a fine!" cried the ensign.

"Where is she?"

"Admiral Sampson, and I will not say he is a blockading squadron."

While he was still speaking a strange sail was seen coming from the east. The stranger was discovered by the ensigning the Maid of Mona, and the cutter at once gave chase. The vessel proved to be a cutter, and it was not long before she was within hailing distance

him, throwing a light mantilla over her shoulders. On the upper deck, near the ladder, they found Quesada waiting to assist her to the boat, a smile of triumph on his sardonic features.

"Allow me to assist you, senorita," he said, taking her hand.

"I need no assistance," she answered, in a severe manner, jerking her hand away from him, and climbing down the outside ladder to the boat, which was bobbing up and down on the water like a cork. She was a strong, athletic, brave girl, besides, if she should be drowned, it would only unite her with the loved one who had gone before.

She dropped into the boat and sat in the stern, silent, pale, and tearful. Her uncle and the detestable Quesada followed, and the oarsmen bent to their oars, sending the boat to the shore, where they landed and went to a fortified town.

It was some time before she learned they were at Cardenas.

In a small, narrow, dingy apartment in the rear of the house at which they had stopped, Nina was confined. She knew nothing of the intentions of her uncle, save that she was to wed Quesada, the smuggler.

At dawn of day she examined her apartment and found it very uninviting. The window was narrow and provided with iron bars, through which escape seemed impossible. The moon was shining brightly, illuminating the whole bay, and she could even see the rim of the sea beyond. There were several ships still in the harbor, and among them was the Maid of Mona.

The smuggler's craft was a beautiful vessel, with a low, rakish hull, the two masts settling back so as to catch the full breeze, and the smoke issuing from the short black chimney. There was not a fleeter craft in all the West Indies than the Maid of Mona. She had been built for speed, Nina had heard her uncle say, and she knew that her speed had often been tested.

Long she sat gazing out to seaward, asking herself how all this was going to end. What great mystery was back of her uncle's conduct? In fact, her whole life had been an inexplicable mystery, which she was unable to fathom.

While she sits alone, gazing through her sad, tearful eyes on the bay and shipping, we will ask the reader to accompany us to a small, dark room in the same house, where sits the captain of the schooner, the Maid of Mona, and his mate, Nestor Quesada, at a table, drinking wine and smoking.

"Captain Guerra, you must force her to do it," said Quesada, whose face was considerably flushed with wine.

"That is easier said than done. Caramba! She is a wilful jade who sets her head a certain way, and refuses to be moved. She loves this Yankee hog."

"I wish you had let me finish him that night."

"Trust to it, the big negro did it. Alzandra loves money, and we left some on his person as a bait to lead the negro on to do what might have got us into trouble."

"Carrojo! captain! You are shrewd. The Yankee hogs could not outwit you."

"The pigs have neither wit nor courage, as you will soon learn. They will be quarreling among ourselves over the spoils of army officers, while Spain will give them a drubbing."

"Let us get back to our subject. This niece of yours, who is not your niece and no kin to you, must be my wife before another day passes, or——" The speaker hesitated as he spoke, then, rising to his feet, added: "It must be done or I will expose you."

"How, pray, do you propose to expose me?"

"Smuggling."

"But you are as deep in the tobacco business as I, and much better acquainted in Florida."

"But the whole affair of your life. You know you have lived a double life, Jose Guerra. There are some crimes at your door which your government officers, if they knew about, would hang you. Besides, Nina is not your niece and is no relative of yours whatever. You know she not only has a large inheritance in Europe, but in America. I can [illegible] wed me, and that without delay!" declared the Spaniard, striking the table with his fist.

For a moment Guerra's face grew pale with anger, but it lasted only a moment. He turned his smiling countenance toward his companion and said:

"Quesada, don't let us be fools! We have waited long and have planned and executed some very black affairs to bring about a marriage between yourself and Nina, whether she be my niece or not."

"If she was your niece I would have little to fear, but, Caramba! she is pretty, and, being no kin, you might take a fancy to her yourself."

Guerra started, while a look of guilty confusion spread over his face. Quesada had long harbored the fear he had expressed, but had never dared utter it until under the influence of liquor. He knew the captain was a dangerous man, and ever had a ready dagger to put troublesome people out of the way.

"It suits my purposes much better, Quesada, to have you marry the girl. I loved her mother, was rejected by her, and she married my rival. I swore to be avenged and I have been. Now she is an heir to a large fortune, one in America and one in Europe. Old Dinipha will be the witness who will establish her heirship to both, and I know where to put my hand on the old negress."

"I see."

"It is really necessary that you become her husband."

"Correct, captain! Correct."

"And you shall tomorrow."

"Why not tonight?" They drank each another glass and Quesada urged that they be married that very night. "I know a priest who will perform the ceremony at any hour, for the pesetas which I shall give him."

After another bottle of wine, Guerra decided that the marriage must take place that very night, and they rose to pay her a visit and inform her of the resolution to which they had arrived. They were rather unsteady on their feet and did a great deal of staggering and clinging to each other, but managed to reach the stairway and climb to the apartment where the beauty had been confined.

"Hey, my lovely niece, I've—hic—come to introduce you to your—hic—husband!" stammered Quesada, unbolting and pushing open the door.

A surprise was in store for them. The bars of the window were broken out and lay on the floor. The apartment was empty. Nina had escaped.

(To be continued next week.)

Look out for a thrilling new serial by an eminent author, begins in Ledger Next week.

Don't.

Don't think a good imitation of anything bad is good.

Don't give the baby a knife to aid it in cutting teeth.

Don't try to climb the ladder of fame on roller skates.

Don't be inanimate. Either pull up the stream or drift down.

Don't think for a minute that all fencers know how to build fence.

Don't accuse people of telling falsehoods because they have false teeth.

Don't get the idea into your head that every man plays cards who tries to.

Don't waste your time trying to distinguish between a woman's no and yes.

Don't think the man who entertains his thoughts is always proud of his guests.

Don't think the girl who counts on her fingers ever overlooks the engagement finger.

Hospital for Trees.

There is a hospital for trees on the banks of the Seine in Paris. Trees which grow sick along the boulevards are taken here to recover.

Minnesota is now the greatest iron producing state in the union. The total shipments of iron ore from the Mesaba and Vermillion iron ranges for the season of 1897 amounted to 5,528,181 tons, an increase over the year previous of 1,398,362 tons.

THE UNWISE TRUTH TELLER.

My sweetheart stood before me yester e'en
And said: "Now tell me candidly, I pray,
Just what you think of my new hat—the sheen
Ruff round the crown—is it becoming? Say
Just what you think—don't tell me that
It looks well on me if it doesn't! Be
Fair with me—look at my new hat—
Is it becoming? Tell the truth to me!"

I looked upon the thing, this way and that—
First from one side and then from another gazed;
It was a wonderful affair—that hat!
I looked upon its make-up and was dazed—
Yet I did treat her fairly—told her just
What I considered wrong about it—then
She looked at me a moment with disgust,
And bade me never speak to her again!

A CLOG TO HIS SUCCESS.

She Deserted Him Because of Love but the Sequel Proved Her His Equal.

BY MARY E. BRYAN.

His home was broken up, his hearth desolate, and he had only himself to blame.

It came about through his publishing a book. Before this they had been happy enough, in spite of poverty and isolation from the world. They consisted of him and her and the baby. Their home was a two-roomed log cabin, situated in the lonely swamp-lands that border the Bayou Brun in Louisiana.

Burton Gray's young wife had been his pupil during the two years he taught school on the banks of Red river. He boarded around among his patrons, and it chanced, while he was an inmate of Madam Lareau's home, the yellow fever broke out in the neighborhood. Burton Gray was forced to disband his school; then he was taken ill, and saved from death only by the careful nursing of his widowed landlady and her daughter—brown-eyed Aimee.

He recovered; but his kind nurse contracted the fever from him, and died. Aimee was left alone—unprotected and homeless. Her mother's house and farm had been mortgaged for its full value to a commission merchant in New Orleans.

It was inevitable that the schoolteacher should marry his young pupil. Her mother had lost her life through caring for him; the child clung to him as her only friend; pity for her forlorn condition soon grew into a tender feeling.

He married her, gave up his sadly dwindled school, and leased a small farm at little cost, because it was back in the swamp. Here he took his child-wife and her possessions—two cows, a horse, and a few sheep.

They had been married nearly three years—years during which hard work and privation were offset by love and sympathy—and hope. A great hope animated both. Gray was writing a book that would surely bring him fame and fortune—so his wife believed, and so she inspired him to dream.

At length the book was finished; then Burton made a day's journey on horseback to a town where he could express the precious manuscript to a publisher in New York.

The story went to its destination, followed by hopes and anxious fears. Aimee felt as though she had sent away her own baby to find favor with someone who alone could give it leave to live.

Every character in the book was a flesh-and-blood being to her. She had read few books; instinct and feeling had been her teachers. She thought her husband's story the finest that had ever been written. She was sure no publisher could refuse it.

[illegible] more about the [illegible] than his young wife, and [illegible] with his hopes. He was joyfully surprised when, after weeks of weary waiting, a letter came saying that the story had been accepted and would be published at once.

It was the something new which the blase public are always craving. The plot was unique, the treatment original, the style vigorous though crude, the humor fresh, and the bits of Creole patois hit the then prevailing rage for dialect.

In due time a small package for Burton Gray found its way to the post-office of the little river-side village in which he had taught school. It was his book, fresh from the hands of the binder. What a source of awe and pride and perennial delight it was to Aimee to look at it, to handle it, and read it! It seemed even more wonderful to her now when she read it in print. Gray, too, was elated. His brain was full of dreams of success and distinction. These were fed by the flattering newspaper notices of his book which his publisher sent him from time to time. It was succeeding; it had paid for its publication already; it had pleased the capricious public, and soon he could hope for a check.

The check came presently. It was only for five hundred dollars; but that seemed a small fortune to the pair in the log cabin. Besides, this was only the beginning; there was more money to come, and, what was sweeter, more fame in the future.

Later on came an invitation from his publisher to pay him a visit. He wanted to talk with him about a second book.

Burton looked at Aimee. He had never been parted from her longer than a day since their marriage; he must take her with him, though she had not been included in the invitation. She read his thought.

"Of course you will go. I can manage very well until you come back. Write at once, and say that you will come, and don't bother about me and the baby."

He did go, and Aimee was left behind. He would be back in two weeks, he said. It was seven weeks before his tall shadow fell across the cabin threshold; then he was a changed being.

His wife saw the change that had

HE FOLLOWED HER FROM THE THEATER.

come over him the moment her eyes rested upon his face. He had escaped from her possession. Her instinct told her so. He was dissatisfied with her; he was ashamed of her. She was looking badly. Sunburn and malaria had made her skin sallow and shrunken, her lips pale, her hair dry and harsh. She had worked very hard while he was gone, looking after everything.

She could never, never be like them, she thought, as she looked down in despair at her ill-fitting calico gown and her bare feet in coarse shoes.

Gray continued to be changed. His home, his wife, his child seemed so hopelessly ugly and common and backwoodsy after the glimpse he had had into the elegance and refinement of society in the city. He had been the guest of a popular publisher, he had written the successful book of the season; he was fine-looking, intelligent, impressionable—above all, he was new.

To do Gray justice, he tried to suppress his feelings of bitter discontent and to keep them from finding vent in words. But one day he said to his wife:

"Belters offered me a place on his magazine and a regular salary if I would come to New York."

She looked at him timidly, not venturing to say anything. He went on:

"New York is the place for literary workers who wish to get on. The very atmosphere and the contact with other minds is inspiring. Then a man meets rival publishers who give him orders for stories. Then—the life there! It is life worth living!"

He sighed deeply.

Aimee spoke up then:

"You ought to go," she said. "You ought to go at once."

He looked at her, and then at the child fretting and hanging to her skirts.

"What would I do with you there, and that young one?" he said, in a sudden,

"What would I do with you there, and that young one?"

cruel impulse, his sneer giving emphasis to his words.

She did not answer. A faint tinge came into her pale cheeks, and she caught up the baby and bent her face to its yellow head to hide her tears. She scarcely heard him when he tried to [illegible]

"I don't think either of us three would be [illegible] to New York society. I am going to move away from this sickly swamp, but we will not go to the city. I'll give that up."

Presently he took his gun and went off into the woods. Then Aimee proceeded to carry into effect a purpose that had drifted into her mind and fixed itself there—rooted in her despair and her self-sacrificing love for the man whom she believed she was hampering in his career. When Burton returned late that afternoon, he found his dinner on the table, but Aimee and the child were nowhere to be seen. Beside his plate he found a note in Aimee's schoolgirl writing:

"Dear Burt"—it said—"we are gone, baby and I. I have taken one hundred dollars from the money-drawer; the horses and cows that were mine will pay you for it. Don't try to find us; don't be angry or feel badly. We must never come back. It is best so. We would only be a clog to you. I love you too well to be that. You are ashamed of us. I don't blame you; I am only sorry. Go to New York and make a big name for yourself. I will hear of you far off, if I am living, and be glad and proud. Good-by, and may God bless you.

"AIMEE."

Burton was conscience-stricken. He got on his horse and hurried to the river; but the boat which was due that day had been gone three hours, and Aimee and her child were on it.

He took the first boat that came, twenty hours later, and went down to the city. But he failed to find the object of his search. No one could tell him what had become of Aimee and her child after they left the boat. He was free now to sell his gruesome place in the cypress swamp, and go to the bright, intoxicating city, there to lay the foundation of fortune, fame, and happiness.

* * * * * * * * *

It was a night in April—soft and balmy as though in June. The yellow blossom of the moon hung full-blown in the dim sky sprinkled sparsely with large stars.

"A perfect night!" Valeria Moss said to herself, as she stood looking from the window, and she a perfectly happy girl. Was ever girl so blessed? A new, exquisitely fitting gown, a long, lovely white wrap lined with blue—the color of her eyes—a dainty flower bonnet atop of her chestnut curls, a bouquet of orchids sent by her lover—and the privilege of going to the opera with her fiance, the grand-looking author whose novels had made him famous.

They had been engaged three days, and her mamma and friends were delighted. Her mamma had been afraid she would marry Harold Holmes, who was only a struggling young lawyer. Poor Harold! She had been half-way engaged to him, and she had liked him ever so much; but he could not give her a home, nor could he afford to take her to Paris, and so mamma and her Aunt Sue had talked her into giving him up even before she dreamed that she was admired by Burton Gray—that pale, grave man who rarely came to parties and never danced or flirted, and seldom talked to any but men and married women.

Half an hour later she was sitting by her lover's side in a lace-curtained box, enjoying the first light opera she had ever seen.

The curtain rose upon a rural scene—a green opening in the woods, with a lake in the near background, and beyond blue mountains melting into the horizon. A boat touched the lake shore, and a slender figure sprung out of it. She—for evidently it was the figure of a woman, in spite of the graceful male dress—half page, half troubadour—came forward and began to sing. The voice was rich and soft, with a melancholy cadence that accorded with the face—pale and serious-looking.

"She has a lovely voice and beautiful eyes, hasn't she?" Valeria said to Mr. Gray, when the song-soliloquy had ended.

He did not answer. She stole a look at him, and saw that his brow was wrinkled with a frown of perplexed thought or puzzled recollection. It cleared when he met her glance, and he bent to her, smiling, and said:

"Pardon me, dear; the singer's face and voice recalled someone I knew long ago."

She wondered to see him leave his seat beside her, with a word of excuse, and go round to the further end of the box. She saw him lean over the railing and look intently at the girl in the minstrel garb who had first sung. The young woman had changed her position, and she now stood near the end of the stage, and quite close to Gray. Their eyes met; there was a flash of recognition; then the minstrel-girl looked quickly away.

She did not look at him again. She went through her part correctly, though a close observer could tell it was with an effort. There was a thread of melodrama running through the comedy, and the semi-pathetic role of forsaken swain had been assigned to the minstrel in whom Gray recognized the wife who had left him eight years before.

She was changed in face and figure. She had grown taller, slenderer, her hair was darker, her features more keenly chiseled; through his opera-glasses he could see traces of care. Her cheeks were slightly sunken, and her face pale, save for the stage paint.

But her voice! How happened it that he had never guessed what power and sweetness there was in the little throat he had been wont to kiss? To be sure, she had sung very sweetly in those old days. He recalled her, as he had seen her, sitting under the bush-covered stoop in front of their cabin, sewing while she sang to the baby and rocked its cradle with her foot.

Her song was encored. She sang again. Heavens! it was a little ballad she used to sing to the baby, with her [illegible] the cradle, her little brown [illegible] with her household work—mending, knitting socks for him! How proud she was when she finished the first pair of socks for him! Good God! why did he think of these things now? What sense was there in it? The tie between him and this woman was broken. She was probably the wife of some other man—or worse. Anyhow, she was nothing to him. Yes, she was! She was the mother of his child, his little girl. He must see the child. He must see his ex-wife and persuade her to let him have it. He must see her soon, he must see her at once. A feverish desire took possession of him to see her tonight.

When the curtain had fallen upon the play, he put his fiance and her sister into the carriage, and begged to be excused from accompanying them, as there was some business he must look after.

The carriage door closed upon the smiling faces within, and he turned quickly about and went to the private stage entrance of the theater. It was not long before the street lamp shone upon the face he was watching to see.

She came down the stairs, a loose gray ulster enfolding her slender shape, a large bunch of roses in her hand. But she was not alone; a gray-haired man, with the air of a respectable, well-to-do tradesman, was with her. She had his arm, and he seemed careful that she was well wrapped up.

They walked away, and Gray followed them at a little distance. They came to a street where there was a number of cheap apartment houses. They stepped upon the stoop of one of these, and stood talking a moment; then the man bent over the woman for an instant, and——

"Did he kiss her?" Burton thought, indignantly. The next moment he was angry with himself. What did it matter to him if this woman was kissed by her escort? She was nothing to him. But he felt relieved when the man left Aimee after he had taken her latch-key and unlocked the street door for her.

"I must see her tomorrow; I must get my child," Gray repeated to himself, as he strode away.

At 9 o'clock the following morning he rang the janitor's bell at the entrance of the many-storied cheap apartment house. Dropping a fee into the willing palm of the care-taker, he learned from him that the lady who sung at the theater lived on the "fourth floor, front." He went up three flights of narrow stairs, and knocked on a door that gave upon the fourth-story landing. It was opened, and he found himself face to face with Aimee.

She started when their eyes met. For half a minute she stood looking at him, her breath coming quickly; then she said in a voice that was only a little unsteady:

"Come in!"

He stepped into a neatly furnished sitting room. In one corner sat a gray-haired, handsome woman knitting lace. She looked up and nodded with a pleasant smile.

"This is my adopted mother," Aimee said. "She cannot hear well. You can sit at this end of the room and speak to me without her hearing, if you have anything to say privately."

He sat down and looked at her. The morning light betrayed that she was pale and care-worn. But what wonderful eyes she had! And her face had gained some subtle charm—besides its expression of proud patience.

"Aimee, you are changed," he said.

"You, too, are changed," she answered. Then she went on: "I hear of you through the newspapers. You are successful, happy, soon to be married. Why have you come here? What can you want of me?"

"The child," he answered—"my little girl. Give her to me; I can do well by her, and I will."

She pressed her lips together; her face grew a shade paler.

"You will never see the child again," she said.

"She is dead?" The ring of pain and disappointment was in his voice.

She was silent; slow tears were gathering in her eyes; her slender hands lay listless on her knees among the folds of the gray gown she wore. A flower—one of last night's roses—dropped from the pin that had fastened it on her breast. He picked it up and looked at it.

"It is withered," he said, "as all human hopes must wither."

"Your hopes are not withered," she returned, a bitter tone in her low voice. "You have all you asked for—fame, money, a well-born, cultured bride—a bride, this time, you will not be ashamed of, though as to heart——"

"She is as loving as she is beautiful; you saw her last night," he interrupted.

"I have seen more beautiful women; and she is young enough almost for your daughter." Then, checking the ungenerous impulse—was jealousy at its root? he wondered—she added: "She is very lovely; I hope and believe you will be happy with her."

"And you?" he said, after a pause; "I saw you last night with a man——"

"An old friend of my adopted mother—a good friend of mine."

"More than a friend—I saw him kiss you."

"You saw——" She lifted her head proudly; she seemed about to resent or deny his assertion, but she only said: "Perhaps he has a right to kiss me."

"He is old enough to be your father, and he is not very prepossessing, or——"

"Aristocratic, you would say. No; he is only a shopkeeper; but he is kind, he is honorable, and he could give a home to me and my child."

"Your child? You said just now she was dead!"

"Ah!" She caught her breath with a little cry of dismay. She had inadvertently betrayed her secret. "The child is not dead," she said, after awhile. "I let you believe it, because I was afraid you would try to take her. She is alive; she is well; she is at school in a convent. You shall not take her from me; you cannot! I have done nothing to make me unworthy to keep her. Listen to my story; every detail I can prove. I have lived all these eight years with that noble woman sitting there. I met her on the steamboat that took me from our home in the swamp. She was ill, and I waited on her. She liked me, and made me tell her my story. She gave me kind words and sympathy. She did more; she took me to her home when we reached the city. I became her companion and pupil. She was a teacher of the voice. She liked my voice, and took pains to cultivate it. When she partly lost her hearing, it came my turn to support her. I sung in concerts, in drawing rooms, then in chorus on the stage. In the intervals I worked with my needle. She, sweet soul! helped with her lace knitting. Always my child was well cared for. I kept her with me until a month ago. This is my story—a poor, commonplace story to you who are great and happy. I am not happy, but if I can realize my hope, to have my child and my mother in a little home where there is sunshine and pure air and no fear of debt, I shall be content. Leave us in peace, Burton Gray—me and my child. We will not trouble you and your young bride."

Her lips trembled as she ended, looking at him steadily, tears standing in her proud, tender eyes.

He leaned over and took her hands.

"Aimee," he said, "I am not happy. I have not been happy in all these years. Fame and money have not brought me peace of heart. Your eyes have haunted me. They have never ceased to reproach me. I have been punished. I found everything hollow—praise, friendship, position, love. I long for home and rest. I long for you. I can have no other wife. I should always see that sweet face at my fireside, those little hands pouring my tea. Aimee, come back to me! Try me once more!"

He drew closer; her head was against his shoulder.

"But the girl you were to marry?" she asked.

"I will tell her I have found my wife. She does not really love me; she only looks up to me. Youth turns to youth; she loves one more suited to her in years. We will be re-married today. We will go and get our child and take her and the [illegible] mother to my home. [illegible] this beautiful, blessed day, my Aimee—my wife!"

He was kissing her now on the cheeks and lips. A startled exclamation made them look around.

The old lady had risen to her feet and was staring at them in amazement, her ball of thread rolling on the floor.

Aimee flew to her and cried in her ear: "He is my husband! He is going to get Phyllis and take her and you and me to his home, and we shall be so happy!"

"But—Mr. Porter?" said the puzzled old lady.

"Mamma, Mr. Porter doesn't want me. He told me last night that the only woman he had ever loved—was—you, dear. He has waited for you like another Jacob."—Half Hour Magazine.

TWO PRAYERS.

The Strange Difference in Supplication Which Difference in Sorrow Produces.

BY BEATRICE STURGES.

The last note of the solemn vesper service died away on the incense-perfumed air; the priest raised his hand in blessing for the last time, and the people slowly moved from the darkening church. A few faint gleams of the dying sun strayed in through the emblazoned windows, making halos about the holy heads and casting fantastic shadows on the old high-backed pews. The candles on the altar lighted up the shining cross with a golden glory. Faint, sweet strains from the organ were the only sounds that broke the solemn stillness, save for a smothered sob from some penitent in the confessional.

At length the church was empty but for two women, who knelt apart with bowed heads and quivering lips. Neither heeded the other, for each was deep in her own grief, and each was beseeching the God above to grant her heart's desire.

One—young, slender of form and fair of face, bearing all the evidences of noble heritage and luxurious environments, clad in costly garments—raised her white face and tear-dimmed eyes to the pictured form of the Virgin, the Virgin with the Child Christ. A wave of great tenderness and longing filled her heart—a heart which more often entertained bitterness and resentment. Gazing with deep supplication at the divine face, she prayed:

"Oh, Mary, Mother, hear me! Grant me this greatest blessing. My soul cries out in its loneliness. My days are full of sorrow. Let me feel the touch of baby hands, and know the perfect love of motherhood. O, Mother of the Divine Child, who has known this great joy, grant it to me. Let me win back my husband's love. He would worship the child and so come back to my aching heart. O, Mary, Mother, grant me this, even at the cost of my poor life. Pity me—I am so alone!"

The other woman knelt far back, crouching in the shelter of a massive pillar, against which she rested her hot cheek. She was a woman of the people—coarse-featured, with a certain rough, wild beauty, carelessly dressed. Her mouth was set with pain and her eyes were wet with weeping. On her face was the imprint of despair. She looked up to the figure of Christ in Gethsemane—the Saviour kneeling in the wild, alone, and supplicating the Father. To the Divine One in his agony she turned in her own misery.

"O, Christ who suffered and sinned not, yet knew the temptations of man, spare me! Save me, oh God, from this sorrow. Take it from me—I am almost mad. Spare me from this greatest misery and disgrace that can come to woman. I have sinned, I have suffered and am penitent. O, God, break not the bruised reed! Visit not the sins of the fathers! Do not send an innocent life to suffer for another's fault. Take my own unworthy life, oh Christ, but spare me this added agony. By the remembrance of Gethsemane, spare a miserable, repentant woman!"

Thus the two women knelt and cried aloud with bleeding hearts and souls torn with suffering. But the Christ moved not from his pictured agony, and the Virgin still gazed benignly on her child. For the ways of God are inscrutable, the laws of nature are inevitable and the workings of fate cannot be defied by men. We live and love and weep and pray, and whether the victims of cruel circumstance, or the authors of our own bitterness, we suffer and we die, but until then no man may know for a certainty those things which many hope.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.

She spoke so softly that the throng
About them never could have guessed
The meaning of the whispered words
Which she aside to him addressed.

She smiled so sweetly when she spoke,
None might imagine her intent.
Or dream that anger tipped the shaft,
So graciously, indeed, 'twas sent.

She looked so saintly none could know
How deeply was her spirit wrought;
The tenderness within her eyes
No index was to what she thought.

And none, save he, of those who there
Observing her as she calmly sat
Had inkling that her fair lips hissed:
"You chump, that tie just kills my hat!"

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

A Fair Rebel Won by Kindness Shown Her on the Battlefield.

She was a southern woman, I thought, at first glance, and the sound of her voice was convincing. Her husband, an old-time friend, I had not seen in thirty years, and his wife was interesting not only that she was the wife of a boyhood chum, but that I had heard, years ago, something about a romance being connected with their marriage.

She was a beautiful woman, even though her hair was quite gray. The regularity of features and lustre of her dark eyes were not nearly so pleasing, however, as the winning smile and cordial manner with which she greeted the guests of her household.

I could readily understand the husband's adoration, which was apparent to the most careless observer. I could not restrain my Yankee curiosity, so after dinner when we were chatting sociably over our cigars, I managed to bring the matter around in this fashion:

"There was quite a romance connected with your marriage, was there not, Fred?"

"Quite," he answered. "Would you like to hear it?"

A quick affirmative brought forth the willing story.

"It was at the time our troops were endeavoring to surround Jackson, and prevent his falling back toward Richmond. There had been a sharp encounter, sufficient to check the advance of the troops. In the morning we intended to finish the fight, capture the ragamuffs, and send Jackson north, a prisoner.

"Jackson's intentions were different. In the morning he was nowhere—had vanished like the mist of the mountains. So, while the general made new plans, we amused ourselves. There had been quite a large number of killed and wounded on each side.

"Stonewall had carried his wounded with him, but left no one to bury his dead. The work was nearly finished, and, late in the evening, I went alone to the battlefield. I never went on a field just after a battle. I could fight, but I could not look on the [illegible] who had fallen; it sickened me.

"I was riding slowly, when my eye fell on a bundle at the side of a clump of bushes. I thought I saw a movement. [illegible] wounded fellow,' I thought, 'who has been overlooked.' When I got up to it I found a woman stretched by the side of a dead man. She was so buried on his breast that at first I could not tell whether or no she was not dead also. I put my hand on her shoulder; she raised her head, sprang to her feet, and although dusty, disheveled, and blood-stained, stood before me, the most beautiful girl I had ever looked upon.

"'What do you want?' she cried, with blazing eyes and clinched hands. 'You have killed him—do you want to kill me? I have nobody now, I wish you would.' Then grief overcame her, and moaning, 'Oh, my brother, my brother!' threw herself once more beside him.

"I was at my wits end; when I tried to raise her she clung closer, saying, 'Go away!' Once she raised her head, and said 'I hate you!'

"The night was falling, and there were still squads of unscrupulous soldiers about. I could not move her, and I would not leave her unprotected.

"I walked like a sentry up and down until I thought she had passed into a state of insensibility. Then I sat down and in a moment was asleep. When I wakened, the morning had dawned and the camp was astir. Calling a passing soldier, I sent an order for a stretcher.

"When I lifted the girl I saw signs of life in the man; no doubt the warmth of her body and the blanket had set the blood in motion. The girl was aroused; I explained this to her, and she begged to be allowed to go with her brother to the hospital.

"By noon the army was in motion, and it was five years before I saw her again.

"I had been on a surveying expedition and was passing through Virginia on horseback. I never imagined so desolate a country. It was difficult to get a full meal, either for myself or horse. Over a belt of woods I saw a thin column of smoke rising, and I made for it, hoping to get refreshment at some farm house. Passing the wood, I saw ahead of me a man plowing, with a mule and broken-down horse for team. Behind him followed a woman dropping grain in the furrow. I saw the charred remains of a fine house; from the chimney of an out house the smoke arose. The woman was dressed in homespun, and had a calico sunbonnet on. Imagine my surprise when she turned and showed me the beautiful face which had haunted me five years. There was no sign of recognition, and she did not appear to admire my uniform.

"The man was civil and agreed to give me a day's rest and night's lodging. After a meal of bacon, eggs and corn-bread, I turned to the girl and said:

"'So your brother got well. How long had you to stay in the hospital?'

"I wish you could have seen her; she absolutely rushed at me, with her hands held out.

"'Was it you—was it you?' she cried.

"There is no use to tell you more. I went to Washington, in a few weeks was back again in Virginia, and six months after Annie was living in Yankee land."

Old Floors to Mend.

When the winter floor coverings are carried out, though great coolness and cleanliness is the result, too often an unsightly stretch of board is presented to view. Flooring in any except the best built modern houses is so often ill laid that the housekeeper is puzzled how to conceal the small chasms between the planks. Rugs are costly and dusty, and to paint or varnish a straggling floor is love's labor almost lost.

Common sense advises her to fill up the cracks, but how—not with putty? There is a better plan than that. Gather up all the letters from the waste paper basket, until there is a big bag full; enough paper to stuff a couple of big sofa cushions. Set the idle or the willing members of the family to shredding into bits the paper hoard. This accomplished, pile the tatters into a pot with water and cook it. To every quart of paper and water add a handful of gum arabic, and let the whole simmer to a very thick cream.

The sequence is easily guessed. The mixture must be put hot in the cracks, well packed and neatly smoothed. When cold it is ready for the coat of floor paint, and as hard as the rest of the boards, for it is really nothing more nor less than a papier mache, and every one knows what a tough article that is.

Cracks in floors are altogether too great a temptation for insects, so it is best to do away with the possibility of their proving a harbinger by adding a little paris green to the paper filling. This poison will banish entirely the hideous water beetle that often infest even the cleanest kitchens and bath rooms. Care must be taken to keep it away from children and pet animals, as it is very poisonous. A little, mixed with sugar, and put on old plates or saucers over night, and used once or twice in a season, will be all that is required. Those familiar with country life know what a boon this green paint has been to farmers in ridding them of the ubiquitous potato beetle, and there is no reason why the housekeeper should fear this ammunition if used intelligently.

There is yet another hint as to the placing of this poison. Those who have studied the habits of the croton or water beetles know how they are routed immediately by light, and how like a flash they disappear. Their fortress, or home, is generally at the base of the kitchen water and [illegible] pipes, and it is behind these that they [illegible] down so mysteriously. Forewarned is forearmed. There is little use in destroying a few insects upstairs while allowing them to multiply below.

Sir Marshall Clarke, who has just been appointed to a post that is virtually that of governor of the immense African territory known by the name of Rhodesia, enjoys the reputation of being the man who knows better than any one else how to deal with the natives. He has an almost perfect knowledge of the native modes of action, prejudice, and ideas, and a year ago received an address of thanks from the Aborigines' Protection society for his remarkable defense of native rights during the quarter of a century which he has spent in southern Africa.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

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PUZZLE

FIND THE PRINCESS.

[illegible]

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Building, CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TO KEEP COOL.

Hints for Housekeeping During Hot Weather.

To a temperate climate no one but the very fortunate can escape the heat of summer. But if we must, we will endeavor to make the best of it, and to think how hot it is, not look at the thermometer every ten minutes to see how nearly it registers the 98-degree mark.

Let your clothing be loose and as light as possible. Silk if you are delicate health keep to your flannels, for you are very trouble he of the chest or the bowels, a shirred belt is advisable, and the best way to avoid it is to wear gauze flannel in the first place. Gauze flannel is the best for those with delicate chests, as it is cool in torrid climates, and in the ill-clad one position which undoubtedly to find the cause of the lassitude of blood some years ago the only people who escaped the yellow fever were those who were dressed and lived in flannel from head to foot.

Much also depends upon your diet. Nourish a less herself, and they who in warm weather eat much meat are apt to be the victims to an uncomfortable feeling of fullness and a painful flush. The following choose in all torrid climates contain much nourishment, and are easily digested: Rice, the best food in nutriment by the natives of Brahma, and the fleet Indian-noble lives principally upon rice. Oatmeal and Mellaren's nutrients consumed half the world on a diet of dates and barley; while the Arab is content to sell out with a tortoise and a few dates. Fruit is also good, but not to be eaten in excess in order to pick one up.

A SUMMER'S DAY.

When the break athletes were in training for the Olympian games in Greece, they rose for seasonal food, and, when their fastness was over, they ate to their heart's content. The result was that not one was ill, and the whole party returned to their homes in the best of health. Now, if you exercise the energy as a rule, the more you eat the better you will be.

Don't breakfast off unwholesomely much. Bread, but it is entirely such when it is new. The cereal crust absorbs moisture, and how in winter it is necessary to keep up the fires of our stoves, so in the heat of summer to reduce them in order as possible. Eggs are good, but not fried in fat. Lean meat is also good, but not ham and chicken, should be eaten in moderation, for the latter is apt to be the more elaborate treatise to prove that oatmeal, both broad and meal, is the best food in the world, and a worshipper by means of their use of it. Fish is also good, but not in the form of cod-fish, half a pound of which is the best for warm weather, but salmon and trout, fried and not overcooked, are delicious.

Breakfast, especially, should never in hot weather be a hasty meal. A cup of tea or coffee, with a bit of bread and butter, or with boiled eggs, with a slice of cold meat bread, which, if made skillfully and carefully are the lightest and most digestible of the day than hot cakes and coffee, with steak, chops or fried fish. Fruit in the absence of ways in which to cook eggs, that is to say, in the absence of a gas stove or a famous New York school bills how to poach served a great while, and the best way to poach eggs with a frying pan and fruit" every day for ninety days.

SUPPER OR LUNCHEON.

Since in hot weather the kitchen is a required purgatory and the dining-room becomes a penance, we have come to the conclusion ourselves upon the following delicious dessert with nature brings us all ready for use. Strawberries and cream, blackberries, cherries and peaches, all of which are delicious when served with a sprinkle of fine sugar, but not sugared, if served with cream, be sure that the cream is very fresh. Unsweetened, when possible; should never be eaten with cream or sweet, for the latter is apt to turn on the stomach, unless the berries are freshly picked, and the cream is very fresh.

Never forget that in hot weather the ice cream, that most delicious of summer desserts, is also a life-saver to the dyspeptic, and, or, salt water, cream, has but to be mixed with the sweet cream, and, if served, compounding to make it too rich. Ice cream is also a good aid to digestion. Ice cream is a portion of ice and

A bevy of breezy summer girls.

1 fifteen-minute freezer, and your dessert may be ready inside of half an hour.

Ice cream is very delicious. If you love to have cooler your buttermilk one day before and have your provision dealer keep them on ice for twenty-four hours. There are few things more delicious in a hot day than a cold ice cream.

USE A GAS STOVE.

An oil stove is very well in cool weather, but in hot weather since with gas the things five may be dispensed with except the

HOME HELPS.

Several Valuable Receipes for Making Life More Comfortable in Summer Time.

Emperor's Cake.

Beat four eggs with half a pound of sifted sugar till quite smooth. Cut half a pound of butter in pieces, but do not powder finely; mix them with the egg and sugar, and add half a pound of flour, and beat the whole through from the bottom with a wooden stick, cut it in cakes and bake on tins in a moderate oven.

Snow Balls.

Steam together one pound of soft white sugar and one pound of butter. When light, add by degrees one pound of flour and the whites of four eggs, and the yolks whisked of sufficient to make them into balls; put them well in flour to not spread. A pound and a half of almonds, one pound after they are shelled—and beat to a paste with rose water; make one pound and cut into small pieces one pound of cream, and mix with the almonds and the yolks of eggs. Butter shallow pans and fill each with cake batter and set in the oven to bake. When cold, remove the cakes and scoop from the paste and set about on dishes to get cool before icing.

Potatoes as Cleansers.

A new use for the humble tuber has been discovered, and it will be a boon to those who are fond of cleaning. Potatoes are reported over clear white in the proportion of one potato to a quart of water. The water, though still the last lie of the pulp from the potato, is put into the bottle. The cuttings through a coarse sieve into another vessel, and when cold are ready for use. It is unlimited to have been proved in Miss Dod's house, and with a friend."

Mrs. U. S. Grant is in the best of health and spirits. She is still suffering with an painful sight and this heartless with a severe attack of rheumatism in the left knee. Invalidism is with her moments of her husband's illness and death.

Mrs. Grant is now living in Washington at the "Ralfinhue," in lying at Long Beach, Long Island, where she spends the days in summer, and here an active interest in the improvements every few minutes to see how nearly it registers the 98-degree mark.

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Breakfast, especially, should never in hot weather be a hasty meal. A cup of tea or coffee, with a bit of bread and butter, or with boiled eggs, with a slice of cold meat bread, which, if made skillfully and carefully are the lightest and most digestible of the day than hot cakes and coffee, with steak, chops or fried fish. Fruit in the absence of ways in which to cook eggs, that is to say, in the absence of a gas stove or a famous New York school bills how to poach served a great while, and the best way to poach eggs with a frying pan and fruit" every day for ninety days.

SUPPER OR LUNCHEON.

Since in hot weather the kitchen is a required purgatory and the dining-room becomes a penance, we have come to the conclusion ourselves upon the following delicious dessert with nature brings us all ready for use. Strawberries and cream, blackberries, cherries and peaches, all of which are delicious when served with a sprinkle of fine sugar, but not sugared, if served with cream, be sure that the cream is very fresh. Unsweetened, when possible; should never be eaten with cream or sweet, for the latter is apt to turn on the stomach, unless the berries are freshly picked, and the cream is very fresh.

Never forget that in hot weather the ice cream, that most delicious of summer desserts, is also a life-saver to the dyspeptic, or, salt water, cream, has but to be mixed with the sweet cream, and, if served, compounding to make it too rich. Ice cream is also a good aid to digestion. Ice cream is a portion of ice and

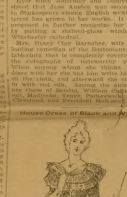
A bevy of breezy summer girls.

1 fifteen-minute freezer, and your dessert may be ready inside of half an hour.

Ice cream is very delicious. If you love to have cooler your buttermilk one day before and have your provision dealer keep them on ice for twenty-four hours. There are few things more delicious in a hot day than a cold ice cream.

USE A GAS STOVE.

An oil stove is very well in cool weather, but in hot weather since with gas the things five may be dispensed with except the



House Dress of Black and White.

Honey in Cookery.

Is far more delicious than sugar, where it can be substituted. In rice pudding, a tablespoonful of honey to a pint of milk will make a delicate taste to the rice and a delicious flavor grown. In hot weather there is nothing more delightful and refreshing than a good glass of lemonade, sweetened with honey instead of sugar. It is a good change from butter for children.

Ginger Cakes.

What is more delicious than a hot ginger cake? Here is the recipe, from Boston cooking ginger cakes: Mix together one pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of lard, half a pound of butter or lard, one pint of treacle, one pint of milk, one egg, and spices with grated lemon-peel, mace and cinnamon. Make into small cakes and bake in a very steady oven.

FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A safe cure for nervousness, sleeplessness, hot flashes and suffering with whites' troubles. The secret of a perfect woman, how to be well, strong and beautiful. Sent free. Address with stamp, Dr. Peal, Box 1000, Marshall, Mich.

To Remove Tan.

Tan may be removed from the face, neck and hands by rubbing frequently with lemon juice to the consistency of paste, which should be allowed to dry on the skin, and then washed off in a few minutes. Wash with fine toilet soap and rinse with tepid water. Lemon juice and sour grapes is also useful for that purpose.

American Clothespins.

Where the sun shines hot and the air is dry, all the world over, it is more than likely to be found at the line with a wooden clothespin in use. American and clothespins practically are the same thing. Made in Maine, in Canada, in Australia, and elsewhere, from the same kind of wood, the supply of local markets, in Maine, and in Scotland, but they are big and clumsy and heavy, and the best American pin is admitted not by hand, and American pins are the best in the world, and are shipped to all parts of the home production.

Clothespins are made of the beech and of maple, and are made almost entirely by machinery, and the latter are sawed up by machinery, and the latter are sawed up by machinery, and the latter are sawed up

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Up the top of it all the fifth help of August has arrived.

Dazzling those days of harvest the thunderbolt are now busy reaping the whirlwind.

Look out for a thrilling new serial by the "anonymous author." Signed by Editor and wife.

If Spain wants peace, this country is the place to get it, as we always keep a large stock on hand.

What sacrifices men make for their country! Even Hoods are drinking hated water.

Next week a great serial commences in the Ledger written by a famous author. Watch for it.

The dude at the front is all right, but there are many of the dudes couldn't be dragged there by army mules.

A cable to Hawaii will be a necessity if for no other reason than to satisfy public curiosity as to election night.

All the latest news from the front will be found in the Ledger. Subscribe now and get the news as it comes.

If Spain does not accept we Americans would like to see her as a horrible example of Spanish system to the aged political cranium.

General Blanco may continue to behead the Cubans, but the Spanish soldiers would be delighted to surrender and get a square meal.

Now that Lieutenant Hobson isn't to be married he will be able to devote his whole time to it and his mother. It is certain that she needs it.

The effective work of the Gloucester in discharge and in Guanico harbor points to the fact that the Spanish navy is not a good thing for submarines to build patches.

El-Queen-Ara refuses to fall for Sultan Selim that she likewise United States as well that she is willing to be a mother for natural ice under the Stars and Stripes.

The fifty battleships are not our only necessities. None of the enemies can have much to do with the navy of the American idea of advancing upon the enemy and not retreating from him.

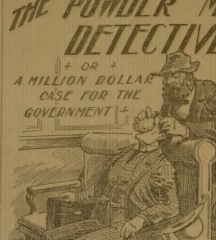
Unfamiliar Silence, "where beautiful silence made such a lasting impression on Amerigo," is the name given to the ocean's vast, isolated scene of her savings to America and Columbus, who came to seize. The other day she dropped out of her hair ornament and it was picked up by Sentinels Rosen, which brought her to earth.

The lack of peace in Spain is probably occasioned by anticipation of the Spanish fleet's return. Peace is not in sight then. But they may demand their fleet, for any peace that is not honorable to us we deem it as humiliate. If the persons who are responsible for the peace are so unfortunate that they would rather like it, let Texas's redress do.

The announcement that several Germans were killed in a recent battle in Samoa and "several scouts" is only another way of saying that it is not known as fact. That will be a good place to "scout" about. Germany will not make the "scouts" so fellow he's already been officially by what befell Mataafa at Apia and Carnot at Berlin.

The fact that Miss Josie Sebley has come to light will be welcome news to many, as it will make peace with the United States more easy. Spain will not be left to any attempt on the part of the Sebley family to make peace more difficult by completely surrounding it. With Governor Sebley at home and Josie at home on the other it would seem that there is no hope except in surrender.

Some German missionaries went to China and got killed by a mob, which urges Germany, by way of indemnity, to send a Chinese port and the adjacent territory. And now a German consul general, in an official report, doubts upon the desirability of getting still more Chinese territory, and says the natives may as do by to send more missionaries to be killed. Germany's policy in China seems to consist in send cold shivers down the spine. If the most barbarous trade in the world



from Washington another Spaniard named Blanco.

"What do the men do?"

"They talk over some plan they have—plan against the government."

"What sort of plan?"

"I cannot tell exactly. They put in some words I don't understand. Some of it is about the army, and once I heard them say the Queen Regent must be removed."

"The hussy!" Carl Cohn cracked up his fists. "Here was I not let it interfere. Do they mean to sell away after the Queen Regent has gone?"

"Yes, and I heard them say that then they would take a good quantity with them."

"A quantity of what?"

"I cannot tell. I see, I heard only a few words now and then. When the men had a drink together they would look around. Some of them wanted to send word to the Queen Regent, but Don Carlos said he would tell the captain and I could stay there."

"What captain?"

"An American who came once or twice. He was a tall, big man named Mr. Hunter and Hamlet, but I think the beard is false."

"Oh, they always call him the captain. Once Manley spoke to address him as Captain An—something, but the captain showed him with his mouth and told him to have a care."

"Ah, indeed! Things were evidently coming my way.

"Captain Andrews is right in it with the Queen Regent, and I'll get him and the whole first rate ship."

Carl was crooked trail the detective was still to Cleaver.

"Where is the man at the house?" he went on.

"I do not know there is nothing else to do." Cleaver answered as she spoke.

"What shall I do? I am afraid of this man Hamlet. He will have me in a fright, I fear it."

"You need not have things that way—not in this country, Anda. I will take care of you. I will not let you. I take you to River Bend with me."

Carl was pleased with which to pay my debt.

"I will furnish you money willingly."

"Yes, you have it."

"Cuba. But please don't mention that name. I was known in Key West as Cuban at the hotel as James Johnson of New York, Mr. Johnson."

"Then, Mr. Johnson from Texas, I will go about to bring Dolly Potter to you. I will not be long. You will not be alarmed or suspected.

A little more talk followed and then Carl led the way down the rocks and in the direction of the road to River Bend. Fortunately the animal was readily discovered.

Carl mounted and the detective took the black from his face, neck and hands. Then he started for River Bend.

"How different you look," smiled Anna, admiringly. "Why you make me think I am called a detective."

"Mr. Johnson, James Johnson of New York, Mr. Johnson from Texas," Carl laughed as he answered, and she promised.

The ride was a short one. Reed was uneventful and once at the hotel a room was at once secured for Cleaver.

"I would keep out of sight of those who

"You—you are—a white man!" she ejaculated.

know you," said Carl, "for they are not likely may cause you harm."

"I will do as you say."

"I will go to see Dolly Potter. Then I will bid you to go away from here and I may be also compelled to leave. Good-by," added Carl.

A telegraphic order quickly brought to the detective the baggage left at the station from which he had landed in Cuba. Shaving his pencil-like and another change of clothing he was ready for the road.

When he left the hotel he was so dark-skinned that no one would suspect who he was with such he was.

Dolly Potter received the brief check. It didn't know how were a military man, but she was willing to try.

"Tell Mr. Johnson I will be there soon," answered Carl, adding to himself:

Mounting his horse, which had been carefully groomed, he had ridden but a mile when the military came around the powder mills.

"Is Captain Andrews at home?" he asked.

"Captain Andrews must be in ready with the Queen Regent," was the answer. "He has not returned."

"Yes, indeed to blow up the powder mills and the Queen Regent," thought Carl. "I am here I now humbly have, and from what the sailor said I know that this is to be accomplished by electricity. I suppose that the wires are laid to the powder mills when Captain Andrews can touch a button and the explosion will follow the button and shocked powder mills."

"But what is this talk about Senor Hamlet?" he asked aloud. "I am on a mission to come by word as the Queen Regent of Spain."

So throwing Carl mused on his way until he came to the house of Captain Andrews. He dismounted, hitched his horse and knocked. Then he waited and waited, but no one came.

"Ah!"

"Who is see Major Carmen."

"Yes, Sir. Consent of the guard, number one, and I can't disturb him."

"But you must go and look up the cry. I am on a mission to the Queen Regent of Spain. Tell him that I am here and that then only when the wind blows in the opposite direction."

No shocks are allowed in the vicinity of the mills. The work goes on with a muffled sound, like a miner under a blanket. Two soldiers for of one each were always maid cause the explosion of hundreds of pounds of powder.

The men who work in a powder mill are an isolated lot. Al Lazard Reed thought to a number of retirees with their families and only visited River Bend occasionally, leaving it at that.

Dwelles are not infrequent, and when a

one of the nitro-glycerine tanks he threw his rocks at it. If that had gone up the whole mill would have gone up with it. Then the sailor said:

"The fellow would have gone up with the powder mills. He must have been a detective."

"He must have been a detective."

"Then I am glad I did not know if he had but he life that would not have brought me to the Queen Regent. Perhaps now the government's explosives, every man, will be discovered and will not be exploded."

"I will lay down the law to my company," thought Carl. "I'm a detective."

"You impostor!" thought Carl. "You are worse than a Spaniard. You burn and work for his country's sake, but you are a traitor to your own. You are a disgrace to the name of American. I will bring you down on the spot!"

But the detective left the major's headquarters Carl followed him at a safe distance.

He saw the captain enter the tent of his wife. Then he saw the captain and Mrs. Andrews walk down the road in the direction. Then the captain turned the lady back and he walked toward the powder mills.

Then Carl saw the captain enter a gate-house and disappear from view. Carl heard of the storehouse. At the gateway the guard was not to be seen.

No one admitted here without a special pass. Carl knew that the captain was not to be stopped, so he couldn't come to anyway, captain," he said.

"You ain't dressed properly."

"I am in the service of the Queen Regent of Spain," answered Carl, boldly.

He now remembered that people around River Bend were not to be seen in any but ordinary shoes, that is those with rubber soles. He was in luck.

Carl found the gate-house to be surrounded with wooden pegs. He had but to step over one and he was within the mills.

A man is not allowed to carry matches in the mills. Carl knew that he had a lighter, such as a heavy key, or a watch, or anything of metal that will make a spark. No smoking is allowed within a quarter of a mile of the mills. Carl knew that he had a cigar and a match in his pocket, and then only when the wind blows in the opposite direction.

Dwelles are not infrequent, and when a man dies he is quietly buried. The workmen don't say, but the rule is not stated that it is difficult to get men to accept that even at such price.

Lazard Reed was running fast time, but every one else or another of the hands would threaten to leave.

Then Lazard Reed was well blow up Dwelle Manor's powder if they can't, and he'd go with them.

The mills were three in number, standing well apart from each other.

To the north and west of them were the Queen Regent River, and to the south there is overflowing with pine trees, which used for the manufacture of that, but the mills are not in the woods.

Carl's splendid timberland RIGHT IN CUBA! six months sun-enkindled it to a dry tinder. Then the Spanish-Am. Co. got word yesterday that he had entered into a contract with the Spanish government to dispose of timber.

Major Carmen was much interested.

"I trust you are sure that what you say in this camp who is not perfectly straight," he remarked at last. "I would not like it to be here. But if they take several days."

"Yes, I am sure," answered Carl.

"Do I see a photograph, and, to add, Yes see, he wrote a letter to some friends and it was carried from River Bend."

"How did he sign it?"

"Carmen it. It. His real name was Benjamin Darling."

"Ah, I know of that name before."

"I have been under an assumed name most likely."

"I trust that the orderly came to the doorway of the hotel."

"Major Carmen" he called out.

"Yes?"

"Captain Andrews wishes to speak to you," was the answer, which filled Carl with a sense of satisfaction.

CHAPTER XII.

CARL INSPECTS THE POWDER MILLS.

"One of my captains," explained the major. "Would you like to meet him?"

"It would not mind, major. Introduce me as an American from New York."

A minute later Captain Andrews came in. He was a tall, handsome man, with a military air. He was dressed in white duck and looked wealthy when Carl was introduced.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Johnson," he said.

Carl then rose and take a lash around," said the detective. "I'll be obliged to you, Mr. Johnson."

The pass was quickly forthcoming, costs the detective to the gate-house and the guard there.

He walked to the rear of the tent and then, looking to see that he was unobserved, orderly to front nothing him.

Then he stood up and drew his revolver. Captain Andrews was astray.

"Not a word or I shoot," replied Major Carl. "My name is Carl Cohn, not Johnson."

The friend it sick. I shall not want to go away much after this work, for they will be looking for me. I will go to the Queen Regent's palace and call."

"Yes, you are a white man!" she ejaculated.

"Of course, but do you believe in fairy tales, Anda?"

"Not now, yes I once and how to be a captain a soldier, Major Carmen, and I have been told that I was in love with that I was to teach you to the grave. But that I was in touch with the grave, I am sure of now, for I am Anda Cleaver, daughter of John Sandhurst."

"Miss Sandhurst. It's a saying sure you are of whom you have spoken. Then no wonder you are so beautiful. Then the man who was also me. The Manley Hamlet who was also Captain Andrews is also to him Sandhurst."

"Yes, I did not know that my father Darling."

"I don't say bad on the rough neighborhood. You have to be as ain't no American to go."

"Yes, I am a Cuban now. I like the life on a hospital, here just outside of Havana. I am a Cuban in my heart, and it has not changed everything. But who are you that you are so kind to me?"

"Me! Oh, I'm nuffin' but a poet—"

"Can't get on with it."

CHAPTER XI.

CARL IS EXPOSED.

Anda spoke a cry of alarm.

"Then you are a—a white man!"

"Yes, I am white."

"You—you are a—a white man," she shouted. "You are a—a white man!"

She pointed to his arm.

"Yes, I am white enough the bullets Carl's cool sleeve not become rare, and I am white enough to be a detective, but I am not a—a white man. I am a—a—well, speaking it is natural to—"

"You are a—a white man!" she cried. "I assume so."

"Are you not in danger?"

"I cannot answer that question at present, Miss Anda. Perhaps I am not. Have you your friend?"

"Yes, I refer to the—the league!" she added.

"What league?"

"I do not know I cannot tell you," she faltered.

"I think you will find it best to tell me. Does Manley belong to the league?"

"Yes, he is a—a—"

"Do you know Manley is a—a white man?"

"I do not know I cannot tell you," she faltered.

"I think you will find it best to tell me. Does Manley belong to the league?"

"Yes, he is a—a—"

"Do you know Manley is a—a white man?"

"I do not know I cannot tell you," she faltered.

"What league

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SYNOPSIS.

Hollis Croesus, a Texas gold-hunter, in Alaska, receives from his sister Josephine a letter in Sinaloa, often tells of a rich gold mine of immense value. Accompanying the letter is a diagram of the route. Croesus sets out for Acleom to find the mine. A Spaniard, Don Sterga, sees the letter which reveals the secret. The Spaniard is a desperate character. He murders the messenger and gets the letter. "Mad" Raymond, a young American, follows the man who wears Croesus' clothes and is pursued by the Indians. Raymond comes to close quarters with one of his pursuers, discovers that he is a Spaniard, knocks him down, a ring on a finger wounding him on the temple. He grows faint from the wound and the heat and falls in fatally wounded, and goes for assistance. Rosie dies, and the relief party hunters back. Croesus, Jeanne and Raymond reach the mine and discover that Don Sterga has already been located. Raymond starts to Pinacate to fix Croesus' claim, and Croesus and Jeanne remain. By working the mine Croesus becomes rich. After two years Raymond returns and asks for work. Hollis would like it right as exclusion takes place, and the Don is accused of murdering him. Torture being resorted from the mine Raymond discovers the body of Sterga, and who was his father. Jeanne and Raymond are married. Croesus is called to witness an inquest between Sterga and Mildred which astonished her. The latter acts is robbed and Raymond is accused of the crime. It is known that he left the camp at night with Mildred. A miner asks Jeanne that Mildred is dead. Jeanne tells Raymond that Mildred is the wife of Jones and that she arrested for stealing the gold. He proves the Don wrong, and sees Mildred and Jones and disappears. Croesus sells the mine for $1,000,000 and moves to Denver. Raymond and Don meet at a summer resort. Don tells Raymond that Jeanne's sweetheart has a fatal affair with Mildred aboard to sail for Cuba when Raymond appears. The men pound each other with knives in a summer house, while Jeanne waits outside. The door opens and opens the door. The room is empty.

CHAPTER XIX.

"AVENGEMENT IS MINE; I WILL REPAY."

Raymond, when left alone with the only man in the world whom he has come to hate with a deadly hatred, knew that he had at last reached the end of his journey. He had also learned that Jeanne was the wife of Jones, and that any attempt to pick up the knife which lies glistening at his feet.

"This is a treacherous affair, Don," remarks Raymond, as he picks up the knife and watches all the while that he does not forget his enemy to lay. "I'd advise you to pick up the knife yourself. Do you not begin I shall not stop because you happen to be in unarmed hands. Come, pick up the knife and grinding out your life as you deserve. I'll not take it from you. I'm a chance to send me your life, and more than you deserve. I do it out of justice to myself, not to you."

You are determined to murder me, then?" queries the Don, as he picks up the knife and edging along the wall, behind the table.

"I am determined to punish you to the utmost of human ill in the dispensation of justice. It will save Jeanne the trouble of a fuss, and the result will be more certain."

"You said you would hang for what you do."

"Do you think the waters are you Spanish blood? Do you not know that I am more than I do my honor? Great heaven, have your senses entirely left you? Drop the knife, which still lies on the floor, be strike it toward the table, and I will do the same. If you are not a coward as well as a villain you will do as I request. Come, I'll wait no longer. Pick up the knife."

After casting a hasty glance behind him, as though to locate some one behind the door, as well, he steps quickly, but while he is doing the table with one hand he has the other hand ready to the breast of his coat. Raymond, seeing that he is not to be trifled with, makes a step across toward the knife, which he has not yet picked up.

"Stop!" cries the Don, as he draws a deadly light disporting in his eyes. "I mean have known you very well, and I have no desire to love, war, or anything else, either. Let us be friends as we were before the door. The best is on the other leg, now, and I'll pick it up."

While the Don is speaking he has been folding his arms with the knife in his hand. Raymond knows of the treachery that is the sense of insults here and you would not accept it. Pick up the knife and defend yourself."

"If I am not as mercilessly as you have been I will not be as cowardly as you have been. Don't you think you have had enough? I had prepared this place especially for Miss Croesus, as you will remember, and was here by writing a note and signing your name to it."

"Remember, I never signed your name to any note. I have my own hand and need no one to forge it. I have never given you my word to you with a few facts. The secret is well known to me, and I have taken from its hastenings and agreat has been cut that, he is able to think quickly and to decide upon a desperate stratagem which will give him one more chance at his enemy. That this stratagem is to be a coup something in the Don's line, does not appeal to Raymond then, but it does later.

Fifteen minutes after leaving Jeanne and Mildred in the room, Raymond is back at the town and has asked for Marshal Church. Manuelle name, however, is not on the register, and the clerk says that he has not been Raymond's brother, for, inform the clerk, there is no such person in the town.

"Don't be afraid of me," whispers Raymond. "I know his business, and I know how brave it will be greatly to his interest if he does not tell me at once where I can find him."

The clerk is not easily sure, in his own mind, that his caller is not in his own employ as a detective or some detective in disguise, but Raymond's stern shabbing and swollen face do not impress one very much, to say the other. Still, the clerk decides that he will tell Raymond, and consequently he gives him the room and whereabouts of Church in a few words.

Raymond knocks. The door opens a few inches and a brown face, with leady eyes and an ugly mustache, appears. Raymond is presented to his view.

"I am looking for the Marshal of the brown face," says Raymond, coolly.

"And me is, thereby-quick! I have something to tell you something of the most importance."

Before the astounded Church can say a word, Raymond has pushed boldly past him and entered the room.

"I am the Jones who has been arrested, ready to for departure. On a take in a certain Spaniard called Don Sterga, who skulks in thereon a long coat. On top of that he wears a false face."

"Yes Dan?" gasps Garcia. "Who are you, and what do you mean by coming to my room in this manner? Leave at once, or I will call you shall you plan your."

"Yes, I am Dan," and his tone and burden down the plot.

"Then you are fooling at the pier's edge, he takes occasion to look at the cars and wonder why you do not go to the Mexican side. Don't you?"

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. Mr. Church, I am sorry to burden your hands. If I did not feel this to be my duty I would not do so."

Dropping the cord into his pocket, he turns to the door, opens it, and calls to the officers without. Then he turns to the door of the door, he answers, emphatically, "Sir! Don Sterga is a villain!"

"That seems to be sufficient, for he is arrested. Now, Marshal, I will trust you to endure crime send it diving toward the Consolidation.

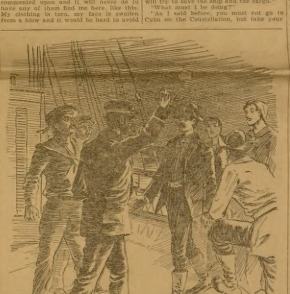
CHAPTER XX.

"HE IS A SPANISH SPY."

While Raymond is walking toward the schooner, he thinks less of his terrible enemy than of Jeanne. The knowledge that Jeanne has possessed on the card that Mildred is dead.

Raymond, with every step, grows more excited least, unless any other woman should be found to take the place of Mildred, she has told him to take the law into his own hands and punish Don Sterga. Then the thoughts that come to Jeanne while she is with Jones, and the fact that she will not stop at the door, but has gone with him, and that he has been unable to read the letter which she left for him, and that he is not permitted to see the schooner's sails, all these things serve to make Raymond as perplexed and filled with vague misgivings.

He is not by a small-sized man, an American and evidently the captain, who stands on the deck of the schooner, and who is looking toward the shore as Raymond approaches in a boat. Let us assume with an unpleasant



"A traitor, by Jubitor!" yells the captain.

disagreeable tardiness. Everything must be done in a hurry, and that is the reason.

"What are you going to do, Ned?" she asks, as Raymond is about to step into the boat which is waiting for him.

"You know the task I have set for myself," he answers, gloomily, and with a look in her lips. "Never fear but that I shall perform it to the letter."

Then, before either Jeanne or her father can say another word, he has stepped into the boat and is being rowed toward the schooner.

Raymond is almost beside himself because of the Don's escape; still, notwithstanding

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Illustration of a beautiful studded girdle, which will be sent free to every subscriber to BOYCE'S MONTHLY who sends 50 cents for a year's subscription. The girdle is made of gilt metal, studded with gilt buttons, and is a beautiful ornament for any lady to wear. Every subscriber to BOYCE'S MONTHLY will receive one of these girdles free, as well as the magazine for a year. Remember, you get the girdle free, as well as the magazine for a year. Remember, you get the girdle free, as well as the magazine for a year. Remember, you get the girdle

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CONUNDRUMS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

When is a ship like snow?—When she's adrift.

When is it said and a ship?—When she's aloft.

When is a ship like a fowl?—When she's a-float.

When is a ship like a tailor?—When he fathers the sails.

When is a ship like an astronomer?—When he has sail canal.

When is a ship like a painter?—When she's a-float.

What is smaller than a mite's mouth?—What it holds.

What is more than snow?—Sleigh.

Why is a fish like the Bank of England?—Because it has a deep sea.

Why is the sun in the middle of the day like a bad shilling?—Because no one will take it.

When is a man's arm like a dog?—When it has the answer to a paw.

When is a man's arm like a dog?—When it's broken it has to be set.

When is a man's arm like a painter?—When it's a-broke.

What is smaller than a mite's mouth?—What it holds.

What is more than snow?—Sleigh.

Why is a fish like the Bank of England?—Because it has a deep sea.

Why is the sun in the middle of the day like a bad shilling?—Because no one will take it.

When is a man's arm like a dog?—When it has the answer to a paw.

When is a man's arm like a dog?—When it's broken it has to be set.

When is a man's arm like a painter?—When it's a-broke.

What is the difference between a cucumber and a conversation?

Why is a sailor's coat like a regular pay day?—Because it has a slit in the back.

Why is finding the strongest thing in the world like a lazy man?—Because he is always looking for it.

What is the difference between a fish and a bird?—Because a fish can't fly and a bird can't swim.

Why is Mr. Farrington, that is so very fond of mine, like a bad conscience?—Because it has been tortured.

Why is a man who is always in a hurry like a bad shilling?—Because he is sure to be returned.

Why is finding the strongest thing in the world like a lazy man?—Because he is always looking for it.

What is the difference between a fish and a bird?—Because a fish can't fly and a bird can't swim.

Why is Mr. Farrington, that is so very fond of mine, like a bad conscience?—Because it has been tortured.

Why is a man who is always in a hurry like a bad shilling?—Because he is sure to be returned.

THE MISSING BANK NOTE.

A Trying Episode of a Young Man's Business Life.

It all happened after I had been advanced to the position of assistant cashier of Farrington, Hunt & Co., I was then in my twenty-first year, and had left school with honors from Oxford college, which I entered at the age of seventeen. I had set a premium on my time with the firm of Farrington, Hunt & Co., and was glad to get the position at the end of the term of years.

I was glad to answer to an assistant's call, for I had been in the counting house for three years, and was anxious to get on. Besides, I had been engaged to Miss Farrington for nearly a year, and I wanted to get married. Mr. Farrington's private office was next to the counting house, and I could see him every morning and evening when I went to and from my work. I had never had a word with him, and never spoke to Mr. Haight. I shall tell you why before I get through with my story. Mr. Farrington, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Haight were the partners in the firm, and I had my appointment from Mr. Haight. I shall tell you how I got it.

On my way to the store the next morning after I received my appointment I met Mr. Haight on the street. He was walking with one of my fellow-clerks the previous year, and I stepped aside to let them pass. Mr. Haight stopped me, and, speaking to my friend, said:

"Mr. Farrington, that is one of the most promising young men I have ever met. I have been closely observing him for the past year, and I am pleased to say that I have formed a favorable opinion of him. I shall see Mr. Farrington this morning, and recommend that he be promoted to the position of assistant cashier."

I was so surprised that I had not a word to say, and I thanked Mr. Haight and my friend profusely. I was so elated that I could hardly contain myself, and I felt like shouting for joy. I was in a hurry to get to the store to tell the news to my fiancée, and I left my friend and Mr. Haight and ran all the way to the store. I was so excited that I could hardly speak when I met Miss Farrington, but I managed to tell her the news. She was delighted, and said that I had been promoted because I was worthy of the position.

"Now let me see to the cash drawer, dear," she said, "for I know you will be busy with your new duties, and I shall be glad to relieve you of the responsibility."

I had had full charge of the cash drawer when I was a clerk, and I had come to regard it as my own property. I had been extremely careful in handling the money, and I had never been short in my accounts. I felt rather timid about letting Miss Farrington have charge of the cash drawer, but I did not like to refuse her request, so I gave her the key and left her.

I worked my fingers to the bone that day, and I felt rather tired when I left the store. I had left the cash drawer open when I went out to lunch, and I had told Miss Farrington to close it when she left the store.

The next day I was considerably surprised when I found that Mr. Haight had told me the truth when he said that Mr. Farrington had spoken to him about me. I was also surprised to find that Miss Farrington had left the cash drawer open when she left the store. I had told her to close it, and I had left the key in the drawer, and I had had to open it myself.

I worked my head off that day, and I was so tired when I left the store that I could hardly walk. I was very much surprised when I found that Miss Farrington had left the cash drawer open when she left the store. I had cautioned her about it, and I had left the key in the drawer, and I had had to open it myself.

"I'll have to speak to you about this, Miss Farrington," I said, "for I cannot afford to be careless with the cash drawer. I have been extremely careful in handling the money, and I have never been short in my accounts. I felt rather timid about letting you have charge of the cash drawer, but I did not like to refuse the request, so I gave you the key, expecting to close it myself, and when I arrived I found it open."

The thief, for such I now considered it, must have taken place during my lunch hour, for I had left the cash drawer open with the help of a customer, but that Mr. Haight had told me that there was not one dollar short, so that I knew that the thief had entirely overlooked all the checks going to bank at the same time. These thoughts passed through my mind in a trice, but I was not long in making up my mind what to do. I was almost dazed when I found that the money which I had fallen by the voice of the banknote was missing, but I soon recovered my senses.

"Miss Farrington, you make it it!" he asked.

She looked him full in the face, and replied that she would not be accused—that she was not a thief.

"Then you admit that I am a gentleman?" I said, with a smile.

"What I admit that I am a gentleman?" she replied, "I admit that I am a gentleman, and I shall be glad to have you prove that you are one."

Startled by her sudden retort, I was quick enough to attract the attention of every person in the room, and I was glad that I had done so.

FOR LOVE OF BARBARA ALLEN

By Ellen Frizell Wycoff

SYNOPSIS.

[Barbara Allen, the beautiful daughter of a Virginia clergyman, is the promised wife of a middle-aged physician and the friend of her father. While visiting her aunt, in company with her sister, Kitty, and Dick Moran, Kitty's lover, Barbara elopes with Douglas, almost a stranger to her, and they are married. Dick tries to get Barbara to return home with him. Douglas resents his interference and a fight in which Dick is wounded by Douglas and the latter is thrown over the cliff to almost certain death. Then Barbara is taken home. Kitty resolves to save Dick, who is about to be arrested for the murder of Douglas. She gets the doctor, Barbara's old lover, to give him a drug which gives him the appearance of death and arranges to get him home in a trunk, the coffin supposed to contain his body being weighted with lead. Kitty and the doctor deceive everyone, and the coffin believed to contain the remains of Dick is buried. Dick is rescued from the burning house by Larry, with whom he divides the money left by Kitty. Larry discovers a guardian in Mr. Marribeau, a seemingly weak and decrepit old man, and all go south to the vicinity of Pinehurst, the home of the Douglas'. Barbara and Kitty go to Pinehurst with their aunt for a visit. John Douglas, who eloped with Barbara, is saved from death, and is found by an old doctor, a friend of the family, in a hospital. The doctor says he will take the news to Pinehurst. Barbara and Kitty arrive at Pinehurst, and Bonny and the boys buy a place near there. Barbara becomes acquainted with the Douglas family and Kitty. She tells Mr. Marribeau that she saw Kitty and he meets her. She recognizes him as Dick. Barbara conceives that the Jack Douglas whom she marries is the one who has a wife there. Dick and Kitty meet in the woods. Jack Douglas returns to Pinehurst, and meets Kitty, who decides not to tell Barbara. Kitty sees Colonel Douglas carrying an insensible woman through the chapel. The doctor becomes thoughtful about Larry. Dennis returns to Pinehurst. It is now known that the Jack Douglas of Pinehurst is the man who married Barbara. Barbara goes to Jack's room and recognizes him as the man she married at the little church. Kitty investigates the mysterious chapel. Kitty gets locked in the chapel and sees Col. Douglas again. The doctor explains how Jack's wife left a baby boy on the step at Pinehurst and went back to the stage. He says he found the child.]

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

"A TIME."

"Certainly not! And now I want you and Ben to be very special friends of mine. Will you?"

"That's easy. I love you dearly!"

"Thank you. Now you may go and tell Larry."

"Dr. Barnes, won't you? I should laugh and cry, and he would have an awful time understanding."

So Dr. Barnes went out to the boy, and [illegible] Marribeau."

"Don't be afraid, Bonny. Take this card to him and he will say I may come."

Bonny took the card and came running back.

"He is so glad! Forgive me, sir, but I knew he was—afraid of—of people. Go quickly."

"Whoever has come with the Doctor, and what ails Larry, and me just home from the village store, which it is the poorest place to get what you want, and out of breath with hurrying, not knowing but some one was down or hurt with the Doctor's buggy at the door, and some one to see the poor dear gentleman, what with Ben and the gun and the old gentleman and the pains!"

But there was no one to reply to Mrs. Hoofnoggle, for Bonny was out on the back steps thinking it all over, and Larry was talking to Dr. Barnes, and so she went in to change her dress.

Presently, as she sat there on the steps, Bonny felt a pair of arms about her neck, and Larry was saying:

"Oh, Bonny, Bonny, how happy I am!"

And Dr. Barnes was blowing his nose and asking Mrs. Hoofnoggle, who was standing in the passage gazing mutely at Larry, where she supposed he had gotten such a cold.

And then Ben came up, looking every inch the sturdy hunter, and somehow Bonny got him to understand, and the truth dawned upon Mrs. Hoofnoggle, and altogether there was what Bonny called a time.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STRANGE STORY.

In the hall Kitty met the frightened men bearing the form of Colonel Douglas, Miss Betty stalking grimly behind.

"Into the parlor there at your right. A mattress has been taken there," she ordered.

"There, Bessy, don't go on so; he is not dead. One of you boys go after Dr. Barnes and one after Dr. Donnelly. He started in search of Miss Allen. Hurry, now!"

When the two doctors came they sent the frightened women up to Mrs. Overton's room.

"You may be able to comfort Bessie," Miss Betty said to Mrs. Overton, at the door of her room. "Does it all excite you?"

"No, indeed. I've seen too much of this sort of thing. Mr. Overton had three strokes before he died. With the first he was sick for a while, but it was not long before he could talk to me. I know all about it. It is the worst sort of folly to give up while there's life."

"Then you think I may hope, dear Mrs. Overton?" asked Mrs. Douglas feebly.

"I think it is your duty to do so," the good woman answered stoutly.

But this was only the beginning.

Colonel Douglas opened his eyes, but he could not speak. Dennis thought he saw in the dark eyes a troubled look, as if he were in deep distress. As the doctor watched through all that rainy, dismal night it seemed to him that the troubled eyes turned wistfully to the door.

Later, Kitty came timidly to the door, and Dennis went out to her.

"It was I who frightened him, Dennis. He was looking for a key, and he saw me watching him. It was the key to the new door at the foot of the lower stairs. It was when I was shut up, you know."

Miss Betty came up, and Kitty went on:

"I think I ought to tell you about—something I saw in the chapel before the new door was put up. I think. I was passing and I saw Colonel Douglas with a woman in his arms, and he was carrying her up the chapel stairs. I saw her long black hair and her arms hanging down. I believe she is in the turret chamber, even now."

"A woman!" Miss Betty's face was white as she repeated the word.

"It was a woman, and I have heard strange cries."

"What can it be? Poor Howard! What sort of trouble can he have gotten into at his time of life! Don't say anything to the others, child, until we know."

Afterward Kitty saw Dr. Barnes with Miss Betty and Dennis going toward the grove.

"A strange story, Miss Betty," the old doctor was saying. "Girls are full of fancies. I don't look for any startling revelations. Howard has probably left the new will or some other paper up there," the old man went on holding back the wet moss for Miss Betty to pass.

"A paper in the turret? Shucks!" said that lady, grimly. "If there's anything, it's more than a paper."

Through the chapel they went, Dennis glancing at the broken window as he passed. How Kitty had suffered there!

He fitted the key into the new door and unlocked it. The trap was fastened. He opened this, and they crossed a room and went up a second steep flight of steps to a second trap door. And stood at last in the turret chamber.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped Dr. Barnes.

At the other side of the room sat a woman, weak and broken, and not young. Her face was dark and her long black hair streamed about her. She was wrapped in a warm shawl, and the low bed was piled with soft blankets.

"So you have come to carry me away. I knew he was making ready for that, only he dreaded the outcry, and dared not risk it; and I have not accommodated him by fainting again. Have you come because he was not brave enough?"

Her voice was strangely soft, and she spoke with a foreign accent, glaring at them with great black eyes.

"We haven't come to harm you," Dennis said, as the little doctor politely made way for him.

"Who in the world are you, and however did you come here?" Miss Betty asked.

"I guess you are his wife. He will be awfully shocked when he knows that you have found me," the woman laughed.

"I'm not anybody's wife. Tell me what you are doing here."

"Howard Douglas brought me—I don't know how many days ago, for at first I was ill."

"What did he want to shut you up for?"

"Now, madam, that is just the story that he doesn't want you to know."

"Colonel Douglas is very ill. He seems to be troubled. He cannot speak. Do you think that anything you might say would relieve him?" Dennis asked in his quiet way.

"Sick! Is he going to die? Would he know me?"

"He may not get well. I believe he would know you."

"Then let me tell my story to him. The truth will comfort him."

"Dennis, I don't half like this. She may be the death of him," Dr. Barnes whispered.

"Tell us who you are," Miss Betty insisted.

The woman shook her head.

"I will tell you where he is; never anywhere else, for I've a soul to save, and he may die. I will take my little cross and tell the truth."

"She'll have to go," Miss Betty said.

"I agree with you," Dennis added.

"Two excited ones! Come on," Dr. Barnes said, descending the stairs.

They left the chapel, and Kitty saw the queer little procession cross the grove. Her heart trembled with a strange fear.

On they went through the hall, and at the parlor door halted.

Dennis went in. Silently the three waited until he came back.

"It is all right. He tried to speak to me. I told him what we have done, and that this woman's story would help him."

He went on very gravely, laying his hand on the woman's arm: "I charge you, tell the truth."

"I will."

"Donnelly, I dread this," said Dr. Barnes.

The woman leaned forward and gazed into Dr. Donnelly's face.

"Is that your name? I see now. You have changed. I am glad you are here. Are you ready?"

Straight to the bedside went the woman, holding the cross in her hands. The others stood solemnly around.

"Howard Douglas, I have come to tell you the simple truth," said the woman in her soft voice, raising the cross to her lips.

"The truth, I swear it! I am not the woman you married in Cuba. Your pretty Creole wife was my sister, my Stella! Do you remember Rita? I am Rita. You know how I idolized my sister, and how soon you tired of her!

"After you came away your little child was born, and Stella died. One of your friends told you the fact that interested you most, but I could not tell you of the child, for I did not know your American name.

"I took care of the little one, and determined to find you as soon as I saw that the child would live, and, if I could, compel you to do justice. The child was in the way and I gave it to a young doctor in a Virginia town. I was very sick, and learned to trust him, but I did not tell him my story. He thought the pretty little girl who called me mother was my own.

"When at last, after many weary years, I found you, I told you that I was Stella to frighten you, and make you do Stella's child justice. Then I told you the truth, and you dared not trust me. I swear it, now.

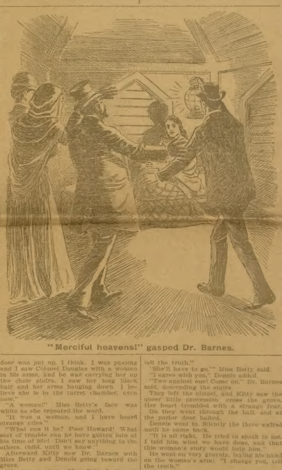
"This is the doctor to whom I gave the child."

"It is Kitty!" Dennis exclaimed.

Miss Betty was bending over Colonel Douglas.

"He has certainly repeated the name."

A look of peace settled over the white face.



"Merciful heavens!" gasped Dr. Barnes.

CHAPTER XXX.

MISS BETTY AND THE DOCTOR.

"No, Dennis, I am not surprised," Mrs. Overton said, resignedly. "I am long past that," and she laid her head back on her cushions.

"It is not possible to startle or surprise or astonish me now. If you told me that, after all, the moon had turned out to be only a turnip, I should accept your statement with a calm confidence.

"I feel, Dennis, that, instead of falling down-stairs in a respectable and middle-aged manner, as any woman who is rapidly getting older may be expected to do, that I have landed into the midst of the strangest chapter of a most improbable story."

"No, I am certainly not surprised. This story you have been telling me about Dick Moran is of a piece with all the rest.

"Here, under this roof, to-day, have two fathers received their lost children! One would have satisfied a story writer, but here are the two, and one of them is our Kitty!

"And to think that Dick has been here all the time! We ought to be thankful to those children, Dennis. Think of Barbara! It's not killing her, either; and I think the sight of that beautiful boy will cure Mr. Douglas of his fancy for another man's sweetheart. There's nothing like a child to hold the heart in the right place.

"And you say that Kitty's father—how strange it seems!—will not die?"

"Not at once. He may be almost well again."

"And the woman, Rita?"

"She is going home to Cuba. Of course she does not go empty handed."

"I always thought that the woman who gave Kitty to you died!"

"Mr. Allen knew. We thought Kitty would be happier if she believed what had come to be looked upon as the truth."

"Well, Dennis, I am beginning to feel a little surprised!"

"You have been talking too much. I shall—"

"I am Dr. Barnes' patient. Did you ever think that he is in love with Miss Betty, Dennis?"

"Never!" said Dennis, laughing.

"All the same he has been for years, and is too modest to tell her so. Now, while [illegible] things."

"Are you going to turn matchmaker?"

"Yes. To be sure I haven't the most promising material, but it may turn out better than some that is better. It is well for June that she doesn't care. For once a woman is too thoroughly in love with herself to mind losing a couple of men!

"There, I've made you uncomfortable. Well, go, and when the doctor comes, send Miss Betty up."

So that was how it came that these two met at Mrs. Overton's chair.

"Dr. Barnes," began Mrs. Overton, "I thought you were a brave man."

"I've never been called a coward," was the reply.

"And yet you are afraid of a woman. Why don't you get married? Old? Then it's high time. Maybe Betty will take pity on you."

"Will you, Miss Betty?" the doctor asked, blushing to the rim of his white whiskers.

"I never jest on serious subjects," said Miss Betty, severely.

"I am not jesting. I've been trying for twenty years to say this. I am sadly lacking in assurance. I always thought you'd find a better man, but you never have."

"And I never expect to. I'd like to know where you expect him to come from," Miss Betty said, glancing at Mrs. Overton, who had suddenly fallen into a heavy slumber.

"Then I'll do?"

"I suppose so."

"And you'll marry me?"

"It seems a foolish proceeding for two old people who should have better sense," Miss Betty said, her withered cheek pink as a rose, "but I shall want to look after Bonny, and they tell me you have decided to take charge of Ben; so I reckon it's best."

Mrs. Overton smiled in her sleep!

(To be continued next week.)

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When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPEN LETTERS FROM

Jennie E. Green and Mrs. Harry Hardy.

JENNIE E. GREEN, Denmark, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had been sick at my monthly periods for seven years, and tried almost everything I ever heard of, but without any benefit. Was troubled with backache, headache, pains in the shoulders and dizziness. Through my mother I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has done me so much good. I am now sound and well."

MRS. HARRY HARDY, Riverside, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham the story of her struggle with serious ovarian trouble, and the benefit she received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This is her letter:

"How thankful I am that I took your medicine. I was troubled for two years with inflammation of the womb and ovaries, womb was also very low. I was in constant misery. I had heart trouble, was short of breath and could not walk five blocks to save my life. Suffered very much with my back, had headache all the time, was nervous, menstruations were irregular and painful, had a bad discharge and was troubled with bloating. I was a perfect wreck. Had doctored and taken local treatments, but still was no better. I was advised by one of my neighbors to write to you. I have now finished the second bottle of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am better in every way. I am able to do all my own work and can walk nearly a mile without fatigue; something I had not been able to do for over two years. Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors."

A mouse skipped across a classroom in public school No. 42, New York city. An 8-year-old girl saw it and screamed. Then several children who had not seen it also screamed, and one of them shouted "Fire!" and in five minutes the engines were at the door, a platoon of police and 4,000 people in the street, many of them invoking the Almighty to save their children. It was fully two hours before the panic was over. The mouse escaped.

Fat Folks.

I am a trained nurse; 7 years ago I reduced 40 pounds by a harmless remedy; have not regained; have nothing to sell; enclose stamp and I will tell you how it was done. MRS. J. B. TOPPING, 801 Amsterdam avenue, New York, N. Y.

A writer in Temple Bar says that the net result of the German old-age pension system is that a man must live as best he can until he is 70, and then content himself for the rest of his life with an allowance of some two shillings a week, if he belongs to the first class, with a trifle more if to the second, third, or fourth class.

Boys' Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing to do to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 151 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

A Michigan man has designed an identification tag which cannot be destroyed by fire or water, the outer casing being made of metal and carrying an asbestos tablet in which the name is stamped. The tablet is covered by a metal cap, and the tag can be attached to the body by an asbestos strap.

A Brooklyn cook, on the verge of an engagement by a new mistress, insisted on receiving the name and address of the lady's former cook, that she might call on her and learn the character of the mistress before accepting employment.

Don Carlos can manage to live without the Spanish throne. He is worth $20,000,000. And, in addition, he is said to be afraid of losing these millions in any attempt to get what he calls his rights.

MAUD MILLER.

Maud Miller, in the summer's heat,
Raked the meadow thick with wheat.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"With wheat at a dollar per," said he,
"This maid is about the size for me."

Then he smiled at her and she blushed at him,
And over the meadow fence he clim.

"Will you marry me, sweet maid?" he said,
And she told him "Yes," and they were wed.

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For old designer and wheat-field drudge.

Lord pity them both and pity us all,
For Maud didn't own the wheat at all.

And the Judge remarked when he learned the cheat:
"Don't talk to me about dollar wheat!"

—San Francisco Argonaut.

A FOWLER FROM THE YUKON

A Story of Tragedy and Love's Constancy.

"O, John!"

It was all she said, but he could see her grow white to the lips, and her hands clasped and unclasped nervously.

"Why, Millie, I thought you'd be glad, and would wish a fellow good speed!"

"But we shall miss you so at home," she made the soft answer.

"Nonsense, there are enough left!" he said, lightly, adding more gravely: "And you know, Millie, how I have always hated this grinding poverty, and how I have had to give up all my dreams of college and a professional career to run the farm, and then have barely kept the wolf from the door. Now that the other boys can take my place, I am too old to succeed along educational lines, and must try some other way, and what better one is there than to try the Klondike? Yes, I am going; the party starts in one month, and I shall not return until I return a rich man."

The girl buried her face in her apron and burst into tears, sobbing until the young man was almost frightened; but he held his peace, going back in memory to his first meeting with her fourteen years before, when she, a tiny, willful elf of 5 years, came, an orphan, into their poor home. It was with him she first made friends; he rocked and soothed her to sleep when she cried of homesickness; to him she had gone ever since with her joys and sorrows. And he?

Well, always old and full of care beyond his years, he had taken her into his heart when he had taken her into his arms, and more and more, as the years passed, she became his idol; but there had been no love-making between them. Each had been content to be near the other; each was burdened with the multitudinous burdens that daily fell to their lot.

There were ten children, besides Millie, in the Stanley family. The oldest, a girl, was dead; the second married and far away; then came five boys, John, the eldest of these, then a girl, and lastly two boys. Millie, coming in just where she did—like John—had much care and hard work; but no one had ever heard her complain or seen such a look on her bright face as it now wore.

When the storm of her grief was spent John said, gravely:

"I may not have another chance to see you alone, Millie, so I want to tell you this now, although I am sure you must know it. I love you with more than a brother's love; you are the one woman in all the world for me, but I am not going to ask you to bind yourself. I am leaving home for the sake of the whole family, but more than all for your sake, Millie. If you want me on my return I, with all I have, will be yours; if I never come back, you will know that largely for your sake I tried and failed."

But here Millie interrupted [illegible] throwing her arms about his neck in her old childish way, and sobbing:

"Don't go, John. O, don't go!"

He drew her into his arms and kissed and soothed her as on that first night.

* * * * * * * * * * *

John was gone and life in the busy old hive of a farmhouse went on apparently much the same, but it was not the same with Millie. At parting she had said:

"I shall never, never see you again, John."

He had tried to smile, though his eyes were suspiciously moist, and had answered lightly:

"Nonsense, dear one, I'll remind you of your gloomy prophecy on our wedding day." Then more gravely: "When I send you a flower from the banks of the Yukon, you may know it is an omen of success, and that day—if so be you are true to John—begin to prepare for our union. The few letters that I can send will be, of course, family affairs, but this you alone will understand."

Days, weeks, and months passed. Once, in what seemed to Millie an age, a letter came and it always contained money, for John hired out at once instead of prospecting for himself. Too, the letters were full of bounding life and hope; full of dreams of success and the glad home-coming. Drawing strength from these, the girl went on her now doubly burdened way. Never before had she realized how much he had done to lighten her burdens; how he had tried to shelter her; how like a bulwark his love had been around her; how much she had depended on his appreciation and sympathy. It had all seemed a matter of course to her.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It was a sultry August evening. Forked lightning played along the western horizon. An occasional distant roll of thunder harbingered a storm before the morning.

Millie, sitting on the back steps waiting for the boys to come from the village with the mail, indulged in bright dreams of the future, an easy, happy future, in a quiet home devoid of all the rush, worry, and wrangle of a large family, she and John would be so cosy. Her head ached, but happy thoughts and night breezes cooled her brow and she smiled contentedly, though her heart was hungry for John. Presently Hal, coming up the lane in the twilight, and mistaking Millie for his sister, said:

"Here's a letter for Millie, 'nd it's from the Klondike, but it ain't from John!"

"From the Klondike, and not from John?" Millie repeated interrogatively, her voice sounding queer to Hal and the others just coming out.

"What is it?" cried the mother, sharply.

"What is it?" echoed Anna.

"Git a light 'nd let us see!" demanded Hal, while he almost dragged Millie into the house.

When they saw the look on her face they started back in surprise and alarm.

"Open it!" said the mother.

"Let me have it!" cried Anna.

"No." And then Millie opened the envelope. A similar one was inclosed, addressed to herself in John's handwriting.

"What's that?" and a half-dozen hands reached for it, but she waved them off and began reading from the half sheet accompanying; reading, too, in the monotonous tone of one who instinctively knows the worst and has nothing to fear:

"Miss Millie White: I inclose an envelope addressed to yourself, found this morning among the personal effects of John Stanley, who was accidentally killed three days since while helping a party run through Miles canon. If you are a relative or friend of his accept the sympathy of one who loved him as a brother. D. R. LYON."

"Dawson."

The letter slowly fluttered from Millie's fingers to the floor, and as her hands fell nervously into her lap they came in contact with the inclosed envelope. Mechanically she opened it, but at the sight of the contents uttered a low moan and her face was convulsed with agony. There was only a faded blossom sewed to a white card and the words beneath:

"A flower from the Yukon." But it spoke volumes to the girl.

"The day you get it begin to get ready for our union."

She heard the words as plainly as she did the sound of wailing in the room. John was gone, but she would go to him; there would be indeed a glad union and then "she rose and ministered" unto the stricken household.

Of John's savings the family received what seemed to them quite a fortune, but to Millie the "flower of the Yukon" is worth all the gold of the Klondike.

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Habits cured in ten to twenty days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars Free. Address, Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

A DEAR LITTLE GIRL.

Her First Glimpse of Gay Society, and What Came of It.

There was a big crush at Mrs. Sinclair's "at home," and people were making slow progress through the rooms, looking cynical, or bored, or interested, as the case might be.

For vivid, frank enjoyment there were few faces to compare with one girlish one—a little flushed, with shining blue eyes and soft curly brown hair clustering about it.

She was a little country mouse, having a peep at the enchanted fairyland of London, and at her pleasure the grave face of her companion relaxed and he forgot for the moment to find it all a weariness to the flesh and vanity and vexation to the spirit.

The girl wanted to know who every one was and all about them; she thought them charming, and regretted that she did not live in London.

"Father hates it so," she said.

"Your father had a long spell of it," the man said. "But"—and he smiled very pleasantly—"we shall soon have you among us, I hope, for more than a flying visit."

The girl blushed and grew shy and then uttered an exclamation.

"Who is that?" she asked, eagerly. "Look at her, there. That woman with the beautiful face and dark hair."

"That is Miss St. Quentin. She writes, you know. Writes well, too; her new book is an immense success, being neither cheap nor nasty."

"Oh, I've read it," Hilda Carson said, the pink flush deepening in her cheeks. "And I liked it ever so much. I read it out of doors, too, and it interested me all the time."

"Do you consider that a severe test?"

"Very! And I am glad to have seen her. She is wonderful, with that clear, colorless skin and those great eyes. I think—I think——" She hesitated a little.

"Well?"

"I think she is a woman nobody could help loving if they knew her."

He laughed. Her fresh enthusiasm was amusing, and he rather enjoyed it for a change, but before he could speak again two or three people joined them, and he lost sight of Hilda for a little.

A good many people admired Miss St. Quentin, but very few even dimly guessed that, while writing the stories of others, her own life hid one away in an inner and very sacred chamber.

They said she was "not a bit impressionable," and, for all her beauty, very unlikely to break her own heart or any one else's.

There were just two or three people—of whom Mr. Sinclair was one—who doubted this dictum, and wondered if the delicate coldness of her manner did not hide at least as much of her nature as it revealed.

But even those who had so much discernment did not know—nobody knew—of that summer, eight years ago, when she and Jack Tremain had met in the old Suffolk mansion. Nobody knew of the long, long morning in the orchard, talking over everything and anything, or sometimes sitting in the silence that is only possible between friends.

And nobody knew of the afternoons on the river, or the evenings in the moonlit garden, or the [illegible] to it all.

He was wrong and she was right, and they were both very proud, so she let him go, forgetting how hard a thing it is to be forgiven.

And there had been times when success had seemed a small thing to her, and life a very desert of loneliness, because she missed one voice in the chorus of praise that greeted her, and one face in the many friendly ones that smiled upon her. For Mary St. Quentin had the virtue of her defects, and she was terribly faithful.

Six months ago Major Tremain had come home, but society had seen very little of him so far, though it was eager to lionize him, and raved over the deed that gained him that coveted V. C.

Miss St. Quentin had not seen him at all, though she knew he was, for the moment, in town, and scanned the faces in the park and street, and party, in the hope she was half ashamed of—that of seeing his.

She was always a center of attraction, and had not been many minutes in Mrs. Sinclair's rooms before she was surrounded with a little crowd. She always resigned herself to the inevitable, and was trying to forget her one insistent desire, when her hostess came up with a bronzed, dignified man at her side.

"Miss St. Quentin, may I introduce Major Tremain to you?" she said, and then there was a little exclamation of mutual recognition, and ten minutes' ordinary chat, and—that was all.

Ah, yet not all. Who could say where it might end—the story begun in the Suffolk garden, and, interrupted there, resumed in a London drawing room, and to go on—perhaps?

"No; certainly, certainly, her heart cried. Fate could not be so cruel as to mock her with a mere will-o'-the-wisp or a hope after all these years—these lonely, lonely years.

A man's voice broke in upon her thoughts. He was the same who had been talking to Hilda Carson in the evening, and Miss St. Quentin entertained a very kindly feeling for him.

She made room for him beside her, and they began to talk.

Presently Hilda passed by, looking so sunny and animated that Miss St. Quentin paused in her talk to look at her.

"What a dear little girl," she said. "Who is she, Mr. Cresswell? I saw you talking to her just now."

"Little Miss Carson," he said, following the little white figure with his eyes. "She is General Carson's only daughter, and a very nice girl. A great admirer of yours, by the way, Miss St. Quentin."

"You must introduce us, by-and-by," Miss St. Quentin said smilingly. "She looks so fresh and nice. I don't think I ever saw her before."

"No; but I suppose she will be more in town after her marriage."

"Oh, is she engaged?"

"Why, yes. Didn't you know? She is engaged to Tremain—Major Tremain. It seems he went to stay with the Carsons, and that it was a case of love at first sight. All the other fellows in his regiment thought him a regular hardened old bachelor, so it has been a good bit talked about."

Miss St. Quentin leaned back and fanned herself slowly.

"You know Tremain, I suppose?" Mr. Cresswell continued, not looking at his companion as he spoke, but watching Hilda Carson as she stood talking to some one, with her sunny smile.

"Slightly," she said. "I used to know him years ago. He is—or was—very pleasant."

"Oh, yes; he's generally popular. Why," turning suddenly round, "I'm afraid you are not very well. Can I get you anything?"

"Nothing, thank you. It is only neuralgia," she said, quietly. "I'm afraid I must go. I am subject to it, and it is very bad tonight."

"I'm awfully sorry."

He was full of sympathy and eager proffers of assistance, and when he put her into her carriage shook hands with reiterated regrets.

"I hope the pain will be gone in the morning," he said.

She smiled at him with white lips and then drove away.

But the pain did not pass in the morning.

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IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER.

THE SPASM.

BY CARL CURRIE.

She stands 'neath the old elm tree at the foot of the lawn. Shimmering flakes of sunshine sift down through the leafy boughs and crown her queenly, fair young head with a touch of gold.

Her love-lit eyes gaze deep into the gathering twilight, and her thoughts have stolen away to dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell among the fragments of the dying day.

She awakes.

He comes! A noble, gallant youth upon whose lofty brow the light of genius shines. But see the wildly rolling eye, the halting uncertain step, the flushed cheek; note the thick and husky voice!

"Madeleine! At last!"

Then, as he would impetuously approach and fold her to his heart, he stumbles, reels, and falls prone to mother earth. He quickly recovers himself and again advances, but she: "Back! not another step—don't dare to touch me! The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine! Farewell forev—"

"But, Madeleine—hear me—I can explain all! I swear to you that I am intoxicated only by thy beauty! My loss of equilibrium just now? 'Twas thus: You saw me step where falls the shadow of this elm tree—'tis a slippery elm—"

"Come to my arms!"

SUCKER NIBBLES.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Personal—A bright young woman who has lately lost (her grip on) her husband would like to correspond with a wealthy gentleman. Brains not necessary. Object, alimony. Address "Chicago."

Personal—A modest brunette poet with only one shirt would like to correspond with a kind, appreciative editor, with blonde cheques. Object, a square meal. Address "Bard."

Personal—A young man of some means, owns a bicycle and a sweater, would like to meet the little boy who sprinkled tacks on Tenth street last night. Address "Puncture."

Personal—X. Y. Z. Your letter reached me, but too late. Things cannot be as they were before we parted last Saturday. I have pawned the engagement ring, and bought a cyclometer and two gallons of arnica. "Montmorency."

Personal—If the bald-headed reprobate who took my congo-handled umbrella from the cane stand at Dugan's last Wednesday, will call at [illegible] Dewberry avenue he will receive the imitation leather cover belonging to it, and hear something for his good. "Oscar."

Personal—A suitable reward will be paid for information leading to the recovery of the body of Mike Muldoon, last seen smoking a clay pipe on a keg of giant powder on Wayout avenue. Address "The Widder."

Personal—Two young men lately arrived in the city would like to meet two young ladies of a joyous disposition. Object, to attend prayer meeting. Ladies chewing tutti-frutti need not answer this ad. Address "Homesick."

Personal—A young lady, fond of hero worship, will find a little tin god to kneel to if she will meet me on Broadway. Must not touch me. Would do well to wear smoked glasses. Address "R-ch-rd H-rd-ng D-v-s."

Personal—A widow, with eight sweet little encumbrances, would like to meet a refined gentleman with muscle. Would prefer someone acquainted with the management of wild animals. Object, a kind husband and a loving father. Address "Last Chance."

Personal—I am worth $10,000, 42 years old, blonde, 200 pounds net. Would like to correspond with a refined gentleman of 20 years. No triflers need apply. Object, the contemplation of the esoteric soulfulness of the unutterable which. Am fond of ice cream. Address "Birdie."

Personal—A gentlemanly pugilist would like to meet another gentlemanly pugilist. Object, conversation. Address "J-m-s C-r-b-tt."

Personal—Dan: Nit! Cannot go on the tandem tonight. Jimmy has gone on a century run with my bl-m-rs. Some other evening. Yours, "Rosebud."

MAKING USE OF THEM.

Bookkeeper—Here's another bill from your tailor, sir.
De Brooke—Ah, yes. Save them until you have a hundred, and I'll have them bound.

The Truth at Last.

Bigley—I understand that one mule was killed.
Quigley—That mistake arose from the fact that one of the victims was named Don Key.

Wind Won, as Usual, in Spain.

There was great jubilee and there would have been feasting in Madrid had provisions been cheaper.

"Shout, stranger, shout!" urged the high-born hidalgo. "An American town was completely destroyed!"

"Ah, by Camara's squadron?" inquired the stranger.

"Well, the information from American sources says it was destroyed by a cyclone. What that may be none of us know, but it surely means some form of Spanish power. At any rate, it was a great victory."

Cannot Reciprocate.

"Spain refuses to release Hobson because he knows too much."

"Well, we will never have a chance to give that as an excuse for retaining any Spanish officers captured."

He Saved the Show.

Wild Man of Borneo—I tell you the manager of this museum has a great head.

Bearded Lady—In what way?

Wild Man—For cases of emergency. While you were out this afternoon the current from the Electric Girl struck the Man with the Iron Jaw, who was seated next to her, and came near setting the platform on fire, but the manager saved the show.

Bearded Lady—What did he do?

Wild Man—He grabbed the India Rubber Man, shoved him in between the couple and insulated the Iron Jaw Man.

Quick Distribution.

"I'm proud of you," said the head of the firm. "I have letters from all over Kansas saying that they have seen our samples. How in the world did you manage it?" And he patted the traveling man on the back.

"Cyclone."

Judge—Prisoner, were you born in wedlock?
Algy Toot (with disgust)—No, sir, in New York.

The Fate of the Bird-Plumed Hat.

I. II. III.

Down in Texas.

The Editor—I hear there were some big guns at the mayor's reception.

Wild-Eyed Bill—I should say so. I carried a forty-eight myself.

In War Times.

"My wife is the commander-in-chief of our household," said the thin man.

"And what are you?" asked the other.

"Me? Oh, I'm the paymaster."

He Was an Immune.

He peered cautiously into the door of the recruiting office and said to the officer:

"I sorter want to jine."

"Want to enlist?"

"I reckon."

"All right, you've had yellow fever, haven't you?"

"Nary a yaller."

"Of course you've had smallpox?"

"Never hardly hearn tell o' hit."

"What about itch?"

"Oh, I've had a sketch er two o' that."

"Had measles or cholera?"

"The clostest case o' measles that ever got about me wuz ten miles off."

"Are you not mistaken about that?"

"Wall, mebby hit warn't more than nine and a half."

"Now, since you come to think about it, did you not get within at least six miles of that case of measles at some time?"

"Well, mebby I did."

"You are sure about that?"

"Plum dead shore."

"Good; we'll put you in the regiment of immunes."

Which Was It?

Hewitt—"Me." is the abbreviation for Maine, isn't it?

Jewett—Yes; why do you ask?

Hewitt—A girl wrote to me saying, "Remember me," and I don't know whether she meant for me to remember her or the Maine.

A case where a single blossom made a nose-gay.

The First Disappointment.

Millie—What does this motto on the ring mean?

Willie—Faithful to the last.

Millie—The idea! I thought I was the first.

The Ruling Passion.

"I see an actor has been given a commission in the army."

"I wonder if he will insist on having the center of the battlefield?"—Philadelphia North American.

DEWEY'S FIRST VICTORY.

Up-to-Date.

"These are the very latest style, sir. If, however, before you reach the street entrance any later style is received you may exchange the hat at the door."

Conundrums.

Why is a mouse like hay? Because the cat'll (cattle) eat it.

Why is a madman equal to two men? Because he is one beside himself.

Which is the merriest letter in the alphabet? U, because it is always in fun.

Why is a horse like the letter O? Because Gee (G) makes it go.

Why is the letter B like a fire? Because it makes oil boil.

Which animal travels with the most and which with the least luggage? The elephant the most, because he never travels without his trunk. The fox and the cock the least, because they have only one brush and comb between them.

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation is she to you? Your mother.

Why is the letter W like a maid of honor? Because it is always in waiting.

What is an old lady in the middle of a river like? Like to be drowned.

Why is the letter F like a cow's tail? Because it is the end of beef.

On which side of a pitcher is a handle? The outside.

What is higher and handsomer when the head is off? Your pillow.

What is the key-note to good breeding? B natural.

What is the best thing to make in a hurry? Haste.

What Queen Mary had before, poor thing; what King William had behind, poor thing; what Queen Anne never had at all, poor thing? The letter M.

What is it that walks with its head downward? A nail in a shoe.

How Pullman Was Named.

The town of Pullman was not ostensibly named after the late Mr. Pullman himself. The story is that W. W. Beman, the architect of the town, being justly proud of his work, went to the proprietor and asked that it be named "Beman."

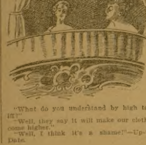
"Um-m," said the magnate. "Fact is, I had thought of calling the place 'Pullman,' from the man who built it and paid for it. However," Mr. Pullman added, as he observed a look of disappointment on the architect's face, "I am not particular. Now, what do you say to a compromise? Suppose we take the first syllable of my name, 'Pull,' and the second syllable of your name, 'man.' There, you have it, 'Pull,' 'man'—Pullman. You see that combines your idea with mine."

Mr. Pullman's suggestion prevailed, and the name, it seems, was a compromise, though it is not reported that Architect Beman was greatly pleased thereby.

The Blues.

Last night we played poker
  And I won all the blues;
The hands I held were wonders,
  The others had to lose.
Yet when the game was over
  The others had the blues.

At the Opera.



"What do you understand by high tariff?"

"Well, they say it will make our clothes come higher."

"Well, I think it's a shame!"—Up-to-Date.

Miss Travel—Do you know, I've met persons who have what is known nowadays as a bicycle face. Now, the captain there (by the way, what an awful red nose he has), I should judge by appearances, has what one might call a salt-water face.
Deck-Hand—Salt water, is it? Faith, an' I would call it a gin phiz, mum!

A Complete Outfit for a Flat.

Villager's Idea of Hotel Business.

A young lawyer in one of the leading lake cities recently passed a few days at the home of his childhood, a rural hamlet in an adjoining county. While there he ran across one of the characters of the place, a quaint old man whom he had known ever since he could remember.

"How's bizness in town?" inquired the aged man.

"Pretty good," replied the lawyer.

"What ye doin' now?"

"Practicin' law."

"What's your brother Jim doin'?"

"Jim is running a hotel," and he named one of the largest public houses in the city.

"Is Jim married yet?"

"No."

The old man raised his head with a commiserating glance. Then he dryly observed:

"Has to dee-pend on hired help, eh!"

A Query.

Saunders—If we annex Cuba, will the Cuban women adopt American styles of dress?

Landers—Perhaps not; they may wear Havana wrappers.—Judge.

Worthless.

"His word is as good as his bond."

"What? He is the worst liar I ever knew."

"Of course; the only bond he has is a Spanish 4."

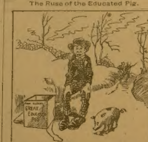
A Bondholder.

"They tell me Mike's a bondholder."

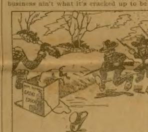
"Is that so?"

"Yes; he went bail for a man that skipped."

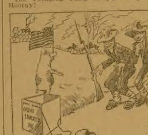
The Ruse of the Educated Pig.



The Professor—Say, this educated pig business ain't what it's cracked up to be!



The Foraging Party—A pig! A prize! Hooray!



But Piggy knew a thing or two and saved his bacon from the soldiers.

SUPERSTITOUS.

"Good lady, would you help a poor soldier who is on his way home from the war?"
"Why, the war isn't over, is it?"
"No, but I am very superstitious about No. 13. Dey had 13-inch guns to kill the people of a 13th king and de wages was $13 a month. Dat settled it!"